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MEMORIES.

BY EMMA BINER.

A fragrant scent of April rain
Falling on budding leaves;
A fragrance sweet of flow'rets fair
Wafted upon the breeze.

A glimpse of sunshine shining bright
Upon the rain-kissed earth;
The songs of birds in joyous glee
Hailing the Spring-tide's birth.

A vision sweet of loving eyes
Looking into mine own;
A voice I know, tho' months have passed
Since I have heard its tone.

A mem'ry dear of precious words,
Words which I treasure yet—
Of kisses sweet upon my lips—
Could I that time forget?

O sweet day-dreams long passed away!
O hopes too fair to last!
O Mem'ry dear which brings to me
This vision of the past!

In a Weak Moment.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WIFE'S SISTER," "FLINT AND STEEL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

FOR some little time after the gamekeeper's departure Griselda remains standing by the margin of the brook, lost in thought.

She cannot help feeling that she was not nearly grateful enough to the young man for his readiness in undertaking a difficult and hazardous task in order to rescue her property, while at the same time there is, mingled with the sense that she has been wanting in courtesy, a certain humiliating consciousness that she has laid herself under an obligation to one whom she considers wholly undeserving of her notice.

"It is such a pity that he isn't a gentleman, and that he presumes so," she murmurs, as she absently strokes Tiger's soft fur; "because he really is very nice, and his speech and appearance are decidedly far above his station. I suppose Mr. Pierpoint makes a good deal of him, being his foster-brother; and no doubt they gave him a good education. I am sorry he got wet; but, after all, it was through his master's dog that Tiger went over the stream, and he was almost bound to go and fetch him back. It was most unfortunate that Tiger should have followed me to-day—yes, you may purr, Pussy, but you have placed me in a very awkward position. I don't like to give the man money; at the same time I must do something, for I can't bear being under an obligation to a person of that sort."

There is a vexed frown on Miss Wytcherley's pretty face as she once more sets off homeward, carrying her kitten and closely followed by King Lear and the Yorkshire terrier, and the frown deepens as she finds how late it has grown, and how quickly the shades of the evening are gathering round in the valley.

The air has become damp and chilly, and when, having climbed the steep path up the mountain-side, she emerges on to the bleak barren moor, she finds it enveloped in a thick white mist.

"We must hurry, King Lear," she says, "or we shall get lost. Luckily we know the way, and it is not far. What, do you want to be carried, too, Puffy? That is too bad!"

She lifts up the little animal as she speaks, and tucks him into the sling sleeve of her thick ulster—his usual place; and thus burdened—for Tiger is fast asleep under the other arm—proceeds along the beaten track across the moor.

Closer and closer the fog gathers round her, sweeping along with every gust of the chilly mountain air. She can scarcely see a yard before her now, and still the shadows deepen and the sky above gets grayer and more dark. Grisel begins to feel frightened.

"I can't think where I am," she says half aloud as she stands still for a moment and tries to peer about her for some sign she can recognize. "It seems a much longer way than I thought; but, perhaps, that may be because I want to get home so badly. I am certain I cannot have gone wrong, for I have kept so carefully to the path."

After a moment of uncertainty, during which she listens eagerly, but in vain, for any sound which may guide her, she hastens on, King Lear keeping close at her side. Presently they arrive at a densely-wooded plantation enclosed in an iron fence. Grisel gives a little gasp of relief.

"The entrance to Garth woods!" she exclaims. "Then we have come right, after all! Where is the gate, I wonder?"

She finds it after some difficulty, and the next moment is making her way quickly along the narrow path, which is thickly strewn with falling leaves as to be almost entirely obliterated. The fog has not however penetrated into the wood in all its density, therefore Grisel has not much difficulty in making her way through it; but, as she nears the other end, she is once more baffled—the mist is thicker than ever. There is a small path on the other side of the gate, as she takes it, keeping her eyes carefully on the ground lest one false step might lead her into danger.

"How I wish I had gone with that gamekeeper!" she says to herself. "He very likely knew of a shorter cut, and I should have been home by now. Mother will be so angry, and perhaps forbids my going out alone again. I am sure I shall never get across those stepping-stones over Braeside neck, and it is so deep there. Good gracious!"

The exclamation is forced from her by a new and startling discovery. The path, after winding in and out for some distance, suddenly goes across some smooth well-kept turf, and through another iron gate on to a broad gravel-sweep.

Grisel stops at the gate and listens. In the distance she can distinctly hear the sound of a heavy door closed and locked, then footsteps which sound as if approaching, but, after a few moments, die away again.

"Oh, dear," sighs Miss Wytcherley, "this is most dreadful—isn't it, King Lear?" Then, a sudden thought striking her, she adds, "Go and find them, good dog—find them!"

The sagacious animal pricks up his ears, listens a moment, then starts off at a brisk trot, his mistress following.

"If I lose him I am done," is her mental asseveration. "It was stupid of me to let him go. Lear—Lear!"

She calls once, twice, three times, but no Lear responds. The girl begins to feel quite hysterical, the absurdity of the situation striking her even in the midst of her fright and vexation.

"I must keep on now, and, if this leads to a dwelling of any sort, ring the bell and ask the people to direct me," she decides at last, as she mounts some steps which come suddenly into view, and which evidently lead to a terrace.

A faint twinkling light appears as she ascends, and, making for it, Grisel comes to a heavy oak door, the porch of which, shaped like a Norman arch, bears above it an elaborate coat-of-arms. A huge iron bell-handle hangs within her reach, and she pulls it violently with a clang which she can hear echoing loudly through the silent house.

"I feel like a person in a fairy-tale," she thinks, "arrived at an enchanted castle. I wonder if this is the ogre?"—as footsteps come along the tiled hall, and she hears a curtain drawn aside.

The next instant the door is flung open by a man in livery, and a flood of light and warmth greets the weary frightened visitor. For a moment Grisel stands looking at the astonished face of the man-servant, then she says hesitatingly—

"I have lost my way in the fog. I think I must have taken the wrong turning at the entrance to Garth woods and arrived here instead of at Braeside. I am Miss Wytcherley. Can you direct me which way to go?"

"Will you step inside, ma'am?" the man answers; evidently he is still too much astonished at the young lady's presence to be able to collect his ideas. "I am a stranger here and know nothing of the neighborhood; but I will tell my master."

"Who is your master?" Grisel demands in a tone of authority which admits of no refusal.

"Mr. Pierpoint, ma'am."

"Then I am at Garth Court?" queries Grisel.

"Yes, ma'am."

The girl's countenance falls; here is a dilemma indeed! However she reflects that, if she declines to make herself known to him, the footman may fancy she is an impostor; besides, she dares not venture out again into the fog alone; so she says no more, but follows him into the wide cheerful hall, where before the fire lies the gamekeeper's dog "Ben-ma-Chree."

"That reminds me," Grisel remarks. "My Newfoundland is about the grounds somewhere; I suppose he will do no harm. I heard footsteps as I was coming along, and sent him to find the person, hoping by that means to get directed on my way. The dog flew off, but never came back."

"I will make inquiries about him at once, ma'am. Perhaps you will take a seat here? My master has some one with him in the library."

"Yes—this will do very well," Grisel answers, sinking down with a weary sigh into the luxurious easy-chair the man draws forward to the fire. Tiger still slumbers on her arm; but Puff, espying the collie on the rug, immediately begins to bark loudly.

"Be quiet, Puffy!" his mistress exclaims angrily, for Ben-ma-Chree shows signs of retaliating, and if Tiger once catches sight of him there will certainly be a scrimmage.

Puffy subsides with a snappy snarl, but makes no further attempt to wage war. Grisel lays her head back among the cushions of her chair and begins to concoct a neat little speech of apology and explanation for Mr. Pierpoint's edification when she shall come face to face with him. Suddenly a door at the further end of the hall opens, and a portly rosy-cheeked woman approaches her.

"My master desires me to say, ma'am, that he hopes you will take a cup of tea. He is obliged to go down to the stables with the veterinary surgeon, one of the horses, a valuable hunter, being seriously ill; but he will be back presently and will then see that you reach home in safety."

"Oh, it is a pity to trouble him!" Grisel exclaims, starting up. "I shall do very well if I can only get somebody to show me the right path."

"You wouldn't be able to follow it now, ma'am," the housekeeper replies. "It has got so dark all of a sudden, and the fog that thick you can't see your hand before your face. You'll have a lantern, and some one to go with you."

"How dreadful!" exclaims Miss Wytcherley, in a vexed tone—though whether the exclamation applies to the fog, the lantern, or the "some one," it would be impossible to say.

"Would you like your tea sent to you here, or will you have it in the housekeeper's room?" is the good woman's next inquiry. "The library smells that dreadful of tobacco-smoke I'm sure you couldn't drink it there, and all the reception-rooms are shut up at present. Lady Deane—that's Mr. Pierpoint's sister—generally has tea in my room when she is here alone, because master never touches it."

"You are very kind." Grisel hesitates for a moment. "I certainly should like a cup of tea above all things, if it won't be troubling you."

"Dear heart alive, no, ma'am!" is the brisk reply. "If you'll step this way. Why, is that a dog you've got there?"—looking in amazement at Puffy's hairy little face peeping out of Miss Wytcherley's sister.

"Yes—and a kitten, too," Grisel answers, laughing, and showing Tiger fast asleep on her other arm. "He followed me out this afternoon, and it is mainly through him that I was so late and got caught in the fog."

"Dear, dear, ma'am—and you carrying them two all that way! Well, I always say as pet animals is like children, and just as much trouble. Now, there's master's dogs—he treats them quite as human beings; and Clito is that spoiled that he don't know which way to turn!"

"Ah, yes—that is Mr. Pierpoint's little toy-terrier I saw to-day with the gamekeeper?"

"Very likely, ma'am; he's almost as much attached to Donald Murcheson as to his master," the housekeeper answers as she leads the way down a long corridor into a small cosy room, where a neat-looking maid-servant is preparing tea.

"Tell cook to send in some scones if she has any ready, Jane," the housekeeper says, and then begins to take out of a store-cupboard some jars of preserves and a rich-looking plum-cake, chatting all the time to her visitor in a pleasant motherly way which quite wins Grisel's heart.

Tiger condescends to be put down upon the rug before the fire, where he is regaled with a saucer of milk, while Puffy begs upon his hind-legs in such a fascinating manner that Mrs. Welsh stuffs him with dainties till Grisel laughingly declares she will not allow him to have one bit more.

Nobody would recognize the stern, haughty young lady who has so persistently snubbed the unfortunate gamekeeper, and whose determination to hold her own makes her a perfect bug-bear to the villagers, in this merry light-hearted girl, who sits in her low chair with her feet on the fender, sipping her tea and chatting pleasantly. There is a quiet smile on the housekeeper's face as she watches her which, if Grisel had noticed it, might cause her to wonder what had called it there.

"Mr. Pierpoint has not been at home long, has he?" the girl asks, as Mrs. Welsh hands her a second cup of tea.

"About three weeks, ma'am; he came back quite unexpectedly, as he often does. Luckily I know his ways and am always ready for him."

"Does he live here alone?"

"Yes, ma'am—not for long at a time, though; he soon gets tired of it. We are going to have the house full of company

in a week or two. Lady Deane is coming to act as hostess."

"Ah, that is his sister, I think you said?"

"Yes, ma'am, his younger sister; the elder, Mrs. Serville, is out in India, but I believe she and the General are expected home next spring. A lovely creature is Lady Deane; but, then, the Pierpoints are a handsome family."

"Mr. Pierpoint has a foster-brother, has he not, who is his head gamekeeper?"

The housekeeper smiles broadly now.

"Yes, ma'am—Donald Murcheson. He is very like master, very like indeed."

"So I hear. I have seen the man once or twice—in fact he rescued my kitten to-day by going across the stream to fetch it. I am afraid he got very wet, and I was extremely sorry, for it was very kind of him. At the same time he has caused me great annoyance lately by disputing the right of way across my grounds at Braeside."

"Indeed, ma'am? That's not like Donald to do at all!" the housekeeper answers. "He is a very civil spoken young man indeed; I've known him from a boy."

"Have you been here long, then?"

"A matter of thirty years, ma'am—ever since Mr. Pierpoint's father married; and my mother was housekeeper here before me."

"Then I suppose you are very fond of Mr. Pierpoint?"

"That I am, ma'am. He is a dear young gentleman is Mr. Alan."

"Have you his photo?" Grisel asks suddenly. "I should like to see it."

"Well, ma'am, I've got one as was done some years ago, just after he went to Oxford, but it don't do him justice. However, I'll fetch it if you'll excuse me a moment. Let me give you some more tea before I go?"

"Not any more, thank you; I have had two cups."

The old lady bustles away, leaving Grisel rather in doubt as to whether she has not been guilty of rudeness in asking to see Mr. Pierpoint's likeness. She has not solved the doubt to her own satisfaction when there is a knock at the door and, in response to her "Come in!" Donald, the gamekeeper, enters, closely followed by the missing King Lear.

"Mr. Pierpoint bade me say, Miss Wytcherley," he begins—standing, cap in hand, before her—"that he hopes to be back in about twenty minutes; if you can wait till then he will be most happy to see you home. If however you are in a hurry to get away I am to attend you."

"Thank you; I think I ought to be going, because my mother will be frightened. But is it still foggy enough to necessitate my taking any one with me? Can I not go alone?"

"Certainly not, miss. The fog is worse than ever. Besides, I have Mr. Pierpoint's express orders to see you safely to your own door," is the firm reply.

"Mr. Pierpoint is very kind. I hope you took no harm from your wetting to-day?" Grisel inquires affably.

"None at all, thank you, miss. Then am I to understand that you wish to start at once?"

"If you please."

"I will ask Mrs. Welsh to let you have a basket for the kitchen," goes on the gamekeeper—"he will be quite safe then; and the little dog is not much trouble to carry."

"Thank you," Grisel repeats meekly. "Where did you find King Lear?" she asks, after a pause.

"He came to me in the stables. He knows me, you see, miss."

"I heard a footstep as I got near this house," Grisel explains, "and so I told him to go and find the person, thinking that it might be somebody who could direct me which way to go."

"And like a clever dog he hunted about till he found me. I will go and get a lantern, miss, and tell Mrs. Welsh about the basket. Will you kindly be ready by the time I return?"

"Very well," is the girl's response.

Once more Grisel is left alone, and this time her thoughts turn upon the strange decrees of fate which has thus forced her to be under renewed obligations to this man. Fain would she brave the fog and darkness to escape the necessity of being escorted home by the gamekeeper, but she dares not. Recollections of stories she has read and heard of people being lost on these very moors, and never being seen alive again, crowd upon her mind.

Kindly Mrs. Welsh, coming back with her treasured photograph-album, notices the vexed look on her young visitor's face, and, fearing it has been called there by annoyance at her own tardiness in returning, begin a profuse apology, explaining that she had been called into the still-room to give an opinion upon some apple-jelly in course of preparation.

Grisel however declares that she did not at all mind being left, adding—

"The gamekeeper has been here in your absence, Mrs. Welsh, and brought me a message from Mr. Pierpoint. He won't be back for some little time, so he told Mr. Murcheson he was to go home with me. I am very sorry to take him all that way, but what can I do? He says the fog is worse than ever."

"Why, ma'am, Donald will be proud to go! He's that good-natured he'd do anything for anybody!" Mrs. Welsh answers promptly.

"But it's surprising he should be lost when coming back?"

"No fear of that, Miss Wytcherley. Donald knows every stick and stone in these parts; he says he could find his way anywhere blind-folded. That's Mr. Pierpoint's photograph," goes on Mrs. Welsh, as she put the album down on the table and points to a cabinet-portrait of a decidedly good-looking young man in a college-cap and gown.

There is certainly a great resemblance to the handsome gamekeeper. Grisel sees it at the first glance, but the face in the photo is clean-shaven, and the eyes look darker in color. Altogether, Mr. Pierpoint is more boyish-looking; but, then, as Mrs. Welsh said, the likeness was taken some years ago.

"It is a good-looking face," Grisel remarks as she turns away to put on her ulster; but she says no more, and the housekeeper feels a little disappointed. She expects every one to go into raptures over her treasure, which she considers calculated to make her the envy of the county.

The young lady does not even glance at it again however. She hunts about for her gloves, and is in the act of putting them on when the gamekeeper once more makes his appearance with a lantern, asking if she is ready.

"The basket, Mrs. Welsh," he adds, addressing the housekeeper; "we must have that."

"Yes, to be sure. Here it is, ma'am; it is just the size for the kitten."

The young man takes the basket, picks up Master Tiger, who has made himself comfortable upon Mrs. Welsh's shawl lying on the sofa, and pops him into it. Then, taking Puffy under the cape of his long rough ulster—in which he looks bigger than ever, Grisel thinks—he stands waiting to start.

"Tell Mr. Pierpoint I am so much obliged to him, and that I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing him and thanking him myself," Grisel says, as she shakes hands with the housekeeper and bids her a kindly "Good-bye." "Say that I was afraid my mother would be alarmed, and send all over the place for me, so I thought it best to hurry home."

"Very well, ma'am; I'll tell him. He will be sorry to have missed you—won't he, Donald?"—with a smiling glance at the gamekeeper.

The latter however is busy with the lamp-wick in the lantern, which shows signs of collapsing, and does not answer.

"I will take the basket," Grisel observes, as they reach the side-door opening on to the terrace—"you cannot manage everything, and I have nothing to carry."

"Very well, miss."

In a few moments more they have left the Court, and are making their way down the terrace and across the fog-enshrouded lawn to the woods beyond. Grisel keeps very close to her stalwart conductor, who strides along beside her in silence, except when he now and then warns her of some coming obstacle in their path. Once she stumbles, and he puts out a protecting arm to save her.

"Have you hurt yourself?" he asks, bending towards her solicitously.

"I have twisted my ankle a little—not much."

"I think, if you don't mind, miss, it would be better if you took my arm just here; we are coming to a very steep and stony path. You might fall again."

She does not answer; but he feels a hand slipped within the arm which holds Puffy, and once more they jog along in silence.

Grisel is more than once on the verge of giving way to unseemly mirth, the whole thing is so ludicrous. Only fancy the feelings of her mother and Blanche, could they catch sight of her marching along arm-in-arm with Mr. Pierpoint's impertinent gamekeeper; King Lear, with majestic solemn steps, bringing up the rear!

It seems hours before they reach the gate of Braeside, but the feat is accomplished at last, and the gamekeeper, having conducted his charge to the hall-door, relinquishes Puffy and bids Grisel a courteous "Good night."

"Oh, won't you come in and have some wine or—beer?" Grisel does not exactly know what beverage would be the right one to offer him.

"No, thank you—miss; I must get back."

"I—I hope you will reach home safely. I am very much obliged to you—I am indeed!"—and then, obeying an irresistible impulse, Grisel suddenly holds out her hand.

The gamekeeper looks at her in undisguised astonishment, and draws back.

"You are very welcome—miss," he answers after a moment's pause; "and I am glad to have been of service to you, although it was rendered by Mr. Pierpoint's orders, and I am only his gamekeeper."

He raises his hat as he speaks, bows and turns away, and the next instant she is listening to the sound of his footsteps dying away in the distance.

Grisel rings the bell with a vicious pull, which brings Dawes post-haste to the door, while Mrs. Wytcherley and Blanche hurry into the hall with scared faces, and loud exclamations of relief at the sight of her.

"Where have you been?"

"We thought you were lost on the moors, and have sent I don't know how many men with lanterns to look for you!"

"How did you get home? What a fright you have given us!"

"I lost my way in the fog, and arrived at Garth Court instead of here. Mr. Pierpoint kindly sent a servant home with me."

This is all the information Grisel vouchsafes them then; but, later on, when she and her mother and sister are seated over the drawing-room fire awaiting the summons to dinner, she gives them a more detailed account of her adventures, beginning with Tiger's escape and rescue, and ending with her visit to the Garth Court housekeeper and the walk home with the gamekeeper.

"Well, you cannot refuse to let the man use the public path after all he has done for you to-day," is Blanche's comment at the close of the recital. "It is quite romantic, I declare! How amused Mr. Pierpoint must be at your flirtation with his gamekeeper!"

Grisel's eyes flash angrily.

"You forget yourself, Blanche!" she exclaims. "There could be no 'flirtation,' as you call it, between me and my neighbor's servant. Kindly keep your coarse and ill-timed remarks to yourself, or for Gordon Hayes's benefit; he may see and appreciate their wit—I do not."

"Well, I must say, Grisel," her mother says plaintively, "that I should be more careful if I were you. People will talk, and it is not pleasant to be a constant subject of remark. I am sure you have made yourself notorious enough over that path—I go in terror of my life every time I stir out—without calling down comments upon your being always seen in this man's company. I declare I spend my life now wondering what on earth you will do next, it is so——"

The rest of the sentence falls upon empty air. Grisel has left the room, slamming the door behind her.

CHAPTER IX.

BY NOON the next day the sun is once more shining in all his autumn splendor, and the skies are clear and blue. Directly after luncheon Grisel sets off for a walk, after many injunctions from her mother not to be out more than a couple of hours, and not to go farther than the immediate neighborhood of Braeside. The bailiff's wife is down with a bad attack of rheumatism, for which complaint Mrs. Wytcherley—who is also a great sufferer therefrom—has an infallible remedy.

Grisel will go down to Jeremiah Dunstable's cottage and take the good woman the medicine, besides one or two little delicacies in the shape of jelly and chicken-broth.

Tiger is safely shut up to-day, while Puffy is also, to his great disgust, left at home; and, attended only by the faithful King Lear, Grisel sets forth on her errand, making a long detour round by the side of the fell because she has descried the tall figure of Mr. Pierpoint's gamekeeper sauntering along the path over the fields, which is the direct route to the village.

Griselda is determined not to meet the young man again yet awhile, if she can possibly help it. She will keep out of his way—at any rate till the humiliating sense of the obligation under which she has placed herself towards him shall have in some measure worn away. She has hard work however to make King Lear follow suit. He, too, has caught sight of the gamekeeper, and only by sheer force and her sternest tone of command can she prevent him from rushing off then and there to greet his friend. As it is, his loud and joyous barking almost betrays her vicinity, and her walk increases to a run under the fear of a probable rencontre.

To all appearance however, Donald Murcheson has neither seen nor heard; he keeps steadily on his way, and neither going nor returning does Grisel again catch even a glimpse of him.

She reaches the bailiff's cottage flushed and breathless, yet withal relieved; listens to Mrs. Dunstable's querulous description of the various ways the "rheumatiz" takes her; hears Jeremiah's tales of the refusal of the villagers to keep off the public path, and their advice to him to do his worst. "They'd allus had the path, and they meant to keep un!"—with proud disdain, and reiterated injunctions to prosecute the trespassers with the utmost rigor of the law. And then, with minute directions to the sick woman as to the taking of the remedy, and a kindly "Good day," Grisel sets off once more for home, arriving there just as Dawes is in the act of taking in the tray of afternoon-tea.

To her intense surprise she is greeted by Blanche with the news that Mr. Pierpoint himself has called in her absence, his visit being ostensibly to make kind inquiries after her.

"He wanted to know how you got home—hoped you arrived safely and took no cold," Blanche announces, with the curl of her lip which always exasperates Grisel. "I am sure he fancies you are a strong minded spinster among the 'forties!'"

Grisel laughs.

"Then in that case he won't accuse me of flirting with his gamekeeper," she replies promptly.

"Well, I don't know so much about that; elderly ladies flirt quite as much as young ones sometimes; and Mr. Pierpoint said that Donald seemed very pleased to escort you, while he was sure he would take as much care of you as he could have done himself."

"How very flattering!" Grisel remarks sarcastically.

"He had a valuable hunter seriously ill yesterday," goes on Blanche. "The 'vet.' was there all night, and they thought the horse would die. I suppose that really was the reason you did not see him?" Blanche's tone suggests that there might be a doubt on the subject. "However, Mr. Pierpoint said the poor thing was much better to-day."

"Indeed! Did Mr. Pierpoint say anything about his sister coming, Blanche?"

"Yes; the Court is to be full of guests in a few weeks, and he expressed a hope that we should honor him by being present. But he has not sent out any invitations yet—he says he leaves that for Lady Deane."

"We must call on Lady Deane when she arrives," Mrs. Wytcherley puts in, with an abstracted air. "I wonder what Deanes her husband belongs to? I fancy we must have met her in London; but Mr. Pierpoint said she had been abroad since the beginning of June."

Lady Deane's arrival at Garth Court is announced in due course, and one fine day Mrs. Wytcherley's victoria, which she insisted upon bringing with her, and which by reason of the mountainous nature of the roads she has seldom or never used, is seen bowling along the pretty drive leading to Garth Court.

Mrs. Wytcherley has her younger daughter with her this afternoon, Blanche having caught a bad sore throat, which keeps her a prisoner to the house. The visit cannot be put off, therefore she is obliged to let Grisel take her place, though the latter would much prefer a ramble over her beloved moors.

The same footman who had admitted Griselda the evening of her adventure in the fog answers the door. He conducts the ladies across the hall into the drawing-room—a large, cheerful-looking apartment, with delicately-tinted walls, and lovely Chippendale furniture upholstered in pale-pink. A huge wood fire burning on the hearth casts a warm glow around, and flickers upon the polished oak mantel, with its array of ornamental groups in Dresden, Sevres, and rare old Chelsea china.

Lady Deane is a lovely girlish-looking woman, not more than two or three-and-twenty; fair as a lily, with auburn hair and a pair of large, lustrous gray eyes. She greets her visitors warmly, and instantly takes a fancy to Grisel, whose beauty, with the unprejudiced criticism of one pretty woman towards another, she

sees and appreciates at the very first glance.

"My brother has spoken to me of you," her ladyship says, addressing Mrs. Wytcherley. "I knew Lady Manvers very well, and was glad to hear that relatives of hers had taken Braeside."

"Not relatives," Mrs. Wytcherley corrects in her calm placid tones. "She was Grisel's god-mother, and when she died left her the Braeside property."

"Indeed! And you will live here now?"

"What—always? Oh, I hope not!"

Mrs. Wytcherley's look of horror is so genuine that Grisel and Lady Deane both laugh outright.

"Mother and Blanche cannot bear being here," Grisel says, addressing her ladyship, "so I expect I shall be left here by myself one of these days, for I like it."

"But you would not surely be content to live all the year round, with no London season and no autumn visits?" Lady Deane remarks, with a smile.

"Yes, I should! We have to pay a visit down in Gloucestershire next month, and I would do anything to get out of it!"

"In Gloucestershire? Alan and I are going there shortly—to Helmsley; Sir Desmond Charteris's place."

"That is where we are going. How strange!" Mrs. Wytcherley exclaims, quite eagerly for her.

"Then we shall have the pleasure of meeting under the same roof. I am so glad!"—and Lady Deane smiles pleasantly at Grisel. "Alan and I go there straight from here—about the fifteenth, I fancy."

"That is when we go. I have been to Helmsley only once—it is a charming place."

"Yes," assents Lady Deane, "and Sir Desmond and his mother are delightful people. It is a pity he cannot come across a wife to suit him! I often tell my husband that it was lucky for him he appeared on the scene when he did—I first met him at Helmsley—for I should certainly have married Sir Desmond out of sheer pity."

She looks at Grisel as she speaks, and under the gaze of her lovely gray eyes the girl flushes a deep red. Well does she know how anxious her mother is for her to become mistress of Helmsley, and how very far from her own mind is any idea of the sort.

Lady Deane misinterprets the blush, and fancies that there must be a soft spot in the heart of this lovely maiden for the handsome wealthy baronet, whose wife she feels quite sure will be one of the happiest women in the world.

"Alan and my husband are out shooting this afternoon," she goes on after a pause, during which tea has been brought in. "They promised to be back to keep me company over my cup of tea, though neither Alan nor Philip cares for it; but I knew they would find the excitement of slaughtering the poor pheasants too much for their resolutions. Alan is never so happy as when he is out with his gun, except it be in the hunting-field. Do you hunt, Miss Wytcherley?"

Grisel replies in the negative, adding—

"I am so stupidly fond of animals that I cannot bear even a fox to be killed; and as being in at the death——"—and the girl shudders. "However my sister has no such scruples, and always follows the hounds when she can get a mount."

"Then there is plenty of chance for her at Helmsley," observes Lady Deane. "Sir Desmond has a mania for hunting!"

Mrs. Wytcherley and her daughter soon after take their leave, thoroughly charmed with Mr. Pierpoint's beautiful and fascinating relative.

* * * * * *

"An invitation to a dinner-party at the Court," Mrs. Wytcherley announces a morning or two after their visit, as she hand across the breakfast-table to Blanche the note she has been reading. "Lady Deane writes quite informally, so I suppose it will not be a very grand affair!"

"They have Lord and Lady Selwyn and the Bishop of Hilchester staying there," Blanche remarks as she runs her eye over the invitation—"besides other guests, so it must be rather on a large scale. I wonder what sort of a host Mr. Pierpoint makes? I think I shall wear my pink gown; that woman at Crumlech has made me quite a respectably-cut high bodice to it, with elbow sleeves."

"I really begin to be quite anxious to see this Mr. Pierpoint," interrupts Grisel, with whom the discussion of Blanche's toilette finds no favor. "I begin to think he must be a second Mrs. Harris, or Jekyll and Hyde, for I can never get a glimpse of him! It is strange that I have been to his house twice—he has been here—yet we have not met once!"

"It is the same with us and that wonderful gamekeeper of yours," laughs Blanche. "We are dying to catch a glimpse of him—aren't we, mamma?—and yet we always fail."

"Well, I dare say we shall both have our hearts' desire in course of time," is the sarcastic reply; and Grisel hastens to change the conversation, as she always does when the gamekeeper becomes its subject.

* * * * * *

It is the evening of the dinner-party at Garth Court, and in her dressing-room Grisel is herself putting the finishing touches to her toilette—for the Misses Wytcherley have a maid between them, whose services upon occasions like the present are entirely monopolized by the elder. Blanche is at all times hard to please, but never so much so as when she sees looming in the distance a new prospective suitor.

In her own mind she has resolved to try to become mistress of Garth. Alan Pierpoint is rich and well connected; there is no suspicious hint of a flourishing brewery about him such as has often reached her ears with regard to Mr. Hayes's antecedents. Blanche means to look her very best to-night, and all Matilda's meek suggestions that she had better go and see how Miss Griselda is getting on are met with angry refusals to spare her.

"You know quite well, Matilda, that I cannot let Miss Griselda have you till I am ready!" Blanche exclaims pettishly, when it is mildly hinted to her that the carriage is round and her sister not yet relieved of the trouble of dressing herself. "Here—fasten this bracelet, and then let me see what fan goes best with this gown."

And so it comes to pass that Grisel stands alone before her glass and contemplates her fair reflection with critical eyes, which see faults where there are none and imperfections where an onlooker would discover only beauty.

"I am rather sorry after all that I chose this dress," she murmurs, turning slowly round to get the general effect of the soft creamy lace, with an amber silk bodice open slightly at the neck, the short sleeves showing her pretty white arms.

Her hair is dressed high on the top of her head in a simple fashion which becomes her well, its only adornments two diamond stars which twinkle and scintillate with every moment of the wearer; a diamond brooch fastens the broad band of velvet round her throat, while a bangle of the same precious stones encircles one arm.

"I wish I knew how I look!" she goes on half aloud. "Not that it matters much; only I don't choose Mr. Pierpoint to think that the mistress of Braeside is a dowdy—that would settle at once all my chances of victory in the matter of that right of way. Well, there is one thing—he will be rudely awakened from his dream of the strong-minded spinster among the forties!"—laughing merrily as she turns away to look for her gloves and fan preparatory to going down-stairs.

She finds her mother in the drawing-room, grumbling in a gentle lady-like fashion at the prospect of the cold dark drive to Garth.

"I am certain we shall be upset down this steep hill to begin with, and there is no moon to light us; besides, I hate a hired fly."

"But Culver knows the road quite well by this time, mother, and he is always very careful," Grisel remarks consolingly, "and you may depend upon it the horses they will send are quite used to this mountainous district. How do you like my gown? I have had to dress myself as best I could—for Blanche has entirely appropriated Matilda, as usual."

"You look very nice, dear; that color becomes you, and those diamonds are splendid, though as a rule I think young girls like you look better without jewelry. I wonder if it would have been better to have had one of the drivers from the 'Griffin' as well as the carriage. Culver mayn't be able to manage strange horses;" and Mrs. Wytcherley continues her complaining till the entrance of Blanche, radiant in pink satin, gives the signal for departure.

The hired fly deposits them in safety at the hall-door of the Court, and they find the pretty drawing-room full of guests. Lady Deane comes forward to greet them with smiling welcome, eclipsing even Blanche in her radiant loveliness. She introduces them to her husband, a good-looking young man, tall and soldierly, with a pleasant face, which makes Grisel take a fancy to him on the spot. He evidently adores his wife, and no wonder, thinks the girl, as she looks at the graceful figure in the quaint gown of azure velvet and at the lovely face smiling so sweetly upon her guests.

Grisel glances round in search of their host, and to her utter amazement sees coming towards them, his tall form clad in orthodox irreproachable evening dress—yes—no—it certainly is—Donald Murcheson, the head gamekeeper!

For one moment Grisel can scarcely believe her eyes, the likeness is so wonderful; and then all at once a thought strikes her at which her eyes flash angrily. He has been playing a trick upon her—passing himself off as his own servant! Well, if it is so, she will pay him out by keeping up the silly joke and not letting him find out that she has discovered his identity; while, on the other hand, if they really are so much alike that one could not tell them apart, and this really is Mr. Pierpoint, there will be no harm done.

Therefore, when at length Mr. Pierpoint comes up to them, shaking hands cordially with Mrs. Wytcherley and Blanche, Grisel has recovered her equanimity, and stands calm and collected, not a shadow of recognition in her face or manner, though the sound of his voice tells her at once that her first surmise about his personating the gamekeeper is correct.

"This, Mr. Pierpoint, is my younger daughter, Griselda."

The lovely eyes which have haunted him all through the past three weeks are raised for one moment to his face as Grisel bows gravely, ignoring the hand which he holds out to her, then lets her eyes wander away towards the other end of the room as though, the introduction over, she is no longer interested in him.

"How strange," observes Blanche, in her soft languid tones, "that you and my sister have never met before to-night!"

Mr. Pierpoint pulls his moustache and looks at Grisel.

"Er—yes," he answers. "You see—er—we have always happened somehow to—er—miss each other."

"I began to wonder whether you were not a sort of Mrs. Harris, or had the power, like Doctor Jekyll, of transforming yourself into some one else, so that I did not know you," Grisel remarks, bringing her eyes back from their rapt contemplation of a lady in a pale-green skirt and pink bodice to concentrate them upon her host. "You have seen Mansfield in that play at the Lyceum, of course?"

"Yes. But surely you would never think of me as the villain Hyde?"—lowering his voice.

"Oh, no, certainly not! I only spoke theoretically," she replies coldly, and once more turns her attention upon the sea-green gown and its very singular-looking wearer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CUTEST WAY OF DUNNING.—Two teachers of languages were discussing matters and things relative to their profession.

"Do your pupils pay up regularly on the first of each month?" asked one of them.

"No, they do not," was the reply. "I often have to wait for weeks and weeks before I get my pay, and sometimes I don't get it at all. You can't well dun the parents for the money."

"Why don't you do as I do? I always get my money regularly."

"How do you manage it?"

"It is very simple. For instance, I am teaching a boy French, and on the first day of the month his folks don't pay the money for the lesson. In that event I give the boy the following sentence to translate and write out at home: I have no money. The month is up. Hast thou got any money? Have not thy parents got money? I need money, very much. Why hast thou not brought the money this morning? Did thy father not give thee any money? Has he no money in the purse of his uncle's great aunt? That fetches them. Next morning, you bet, that boy brings the money."

"ALL RIGHT."—A few days ago an elderly gentleman and his wife came down Broadway together, says a New York paper. A lady crossing the street fell down. The old gentleman rushed to her assistance and helped her in every possible way. When he returned to his wife, she shook her finger at him. "It's all right, it's all right!" he whispered. "Yes, I know it's all right," she replied hotly. "Here's an unknown woman falls down, and you plough across the street to help her; but the other day I fell down-stairs, and you wanted to know if I was practising for a circus!"

Bric-a-Brac.

LIGHTING ITS NEST.—The baya bird of India ingeniously illuminates its nest. It catches fire-flies, and, without killing them, with moist clay sticks them to its nest. On a dark night the baya's nest is like a bright beacon.

TAXED.—Roumania is perhaps the highest-taxed country in the world. Every bottle of foreign wine has to pay a shilling duty. There is a tax even on female servants; there is a tax on one's door-plate; there is a tax which doctors must pay yearly for the privilege of exercising their profession.

LIMITS OF IVORY.—It is difficult to obtain from an elephant's tusk a perfect slab of ivory more than six inches in diameter, as the upper end of the tusk, which is the thickest, is hollow, and the material is coarser than that in the solid part of the tusk. Every part of the tusk is put to use. Even the chips and sawdust are converted into ivory-black by burning.

ROOKS.—Among the odd habits of rooks is the way that members of the same rookery have of intermarrying generation after generation. The males always choose their near neighbors, and, if one should be so bold as to bring home to his rookery a bride from a distance, the other rooks will invariably refuse to receive her, and will force the pair to build some way off. In the neighborhood of big rookeries outlying nests of this kind may always be found.

THE GERMAN WAY.—The Berlin police have adopted a neat way of stopping the sale of poisonous preparations without proceeding against the advertisers with the machinery of the law. They insert in each newspaper under the advertisement an announcement to the effect that they have caused an analysis to be made, and that the article advertised is composed of so-and-so, and its intrinsic value is so much. A case in point was a cosmetic for the complexion, mainly a solution of corrosive sublimate, which is a poison, but which is sold at an enormous profit by the manufacturers. The police, it appears, do not interfere in the case of harmless preparations. They leave the buyer to his own resources.

THE RUBY.—The ruby has always been a favorite love token, and is found in many old betrothal rings. It is supposed to have the power of driving away bad dreams, to make the wearer forget all evil, expel sadness and evil spirits, and keep you in good health. Then, it is said to bring a blessing from heaven to the young wife, and never make her forgetful of her husband's devotion. When he is in trouble the ruby will grow dark, its brilliancy returning after the danger has passed. The virtue of charity is attributed to the ruby; it belongs to the month of December; and an old, old tradition tells us that a very large ruby hung in the ark, and gave light to Noah and his family while they remained there.

GARTERS.—A very curious collection of ladies' garters is kept at the Hohenzollern Museum at Berlin. Whenever there is a wedding in the Hohenzollern family, a number of these short silk garters with the initials of the newly-married princess are distributed among friends. The collection was begun by William I., and the oldest garter is that which was woven on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Friedrich Wilhelm Ludwig with the daughter of the reigning Duke of Anhalt Bernburg, in 1817. There are twelve garters from the reign of Frederick William III., and ten from that of his successor, Frederick William IV. They are all made of ribbed silk of different colors, braided with gold or silver, and many of them are finished off at both ends by heavy fringes.

A CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN LISTENER.—In a note to his edition of Tennyson for the Young Canon Ainger quotes an incident which proves that the late Laureate's poems in dialect may, when read aloud, be made not only intelligible to uncultured audiences, but may even read a moral lesson "to guilty creatures sitting at a play." A lady who had recited the "Northern Cobbler" at a village entertainment informed the author that at that point where the reformed cobbler was describing how he first became aware of the disastrous results of his intemperate habits, in the line, "I looked cock-eyed at my nease an' I seead 'im a-gittin' o' fire," the village drunkard, who was among the audience, rose from his seat and left the room, muttering to himself, "Women knows too much nowadeays!"

AN ANCIENT SPORT.—In the Middle Ages the favorite amusement of the "nobility and gentry" was falconry, a sport in which a hawk is "flown at" certain other birds, with intent to kill. At the time of the Commonwealth it suffered, with other pastimes, from the strict notions of the Puritans. Since then, so much of the land in the British Isles has become cultivated, the sport can be followed only in particular districts, although there are still a good many hawks in training. Rare as falconry now is, however, it is the oldest field-sport in the world, and was practiced more than three thousand years ago. A piece of sculpture was found at Khorsabad, a town near the site of Nineveh, representing a falconer bearing a hawk on his wrist. The date of this sculpture is 1200 B. C.

WHAT?

BY C. J. B.

What is spring but winter's warning?
What is sullen night
But the dotage of the morning,
If we read aright?
Withering in the sombre glade
Lie the leaves beneath whose shade
Once so lovingly we strayed,
Merrily a-Maying.
Coldly flows the strangled stream
Where, beneath a warmer beam,
We were wont to sit and dream,
Love to love betraying.

What is life, but sheathing myrtle
For the blade, despair?
Beauty wreathes a tempting kirtle,
But the thorn is there.
See, ambition's every hope
Strews the sere and wintry slope
Where, in spring, we watched it ope—
Spring, the soft deceiver!
And the chilly winds of fate
Freeze the currents once elate,
But which now, alas! pulsate
Feebler for their fever.

IN PERIL'S MIDST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE brilliantly lighted room swam before his eyes, and the music of the band—the newest fad in bands—made wild discord.

"I—love—you!" he responded hoarsely.

She leant towards him, and her beauty, the scent on her hair, struck upon his senses at once as a spell of reproach.

"Vane, dear Vane," she murmured, "have you always loved me?"

Heaven forgive him! What, indeed, can a man in his place do but assent?

"Always," he responded; and even as he spoke the clear-cut face, the dark hair, the very look of Nora rose before him.

"I am so happy," she said, after the pause that naturally followed. "So happy!" She laughed. "Will you reproach me with this confession afterwards? Will you think I have been too open, too confiding? No, not you! Less noble men than you might do so, but not you, Vane!"

"God grant you have nothing to reproach me for, Florence," he breathed.

"I? Reproach you?" she murmured. "How could I? Why should I? Oh, Vane, dear Vane, are you happy?"

She turned her face, glorified by her passion, towards him, and he, miserable man, tried to meet the question in her eyes.

"Quite happy," he said, voicing the lie and emphasising it with a kiss.

She leant back, his arm still round her, and sighed—the sigh of perfect bliss and contentment.

"This is what you were going to ask me at home?" she said.

"Yes."

She laughed softly.

"I thought so. And I should have answered in the same way. How long—tell me how long you have—" she paused, delicious pause to him if he had chanced to love her—"how long you—have loved me?"

Before he could answer someone approached the alcove.

Vane withdrew his arm from her waist, and she sat upright on her guard.

"Vane," she said warningly, caressingly, "someone is coming."

The someone was Senley Tyers. He stopped in front of them, a smile on his sallow face, an inscrutable look in his dark eyes.

"Good evening, Lady Florence," he said. "They are talking of a dance; I am not a dancing man, as you know, but I am willing to immolate myself on the altar of Terpischore, if I can persuade you to accompany me."

At his presence, under the spell of his cynical voice, Lady Florence seemed to return to her old haughty impassive manner.

"I am engaged," she said with lowered lids.

Vane seemed to awake from a dream.

"Oh, give him a dance," he said with a touch of his old brightness.

She rose at once, obedient, and let Senley Tyers take her arm. He led her into the centre of the room.

"Am I to congratulate Mr. Tempest, Lady Florence?" he said.

She looked at him before replying. His face was pale and sallow as usual, but there was a singular mocking light in his eyes. She made no reply.

"Am I to congratulate him?" he repeated, "and myself? You have not forgotten our little wager, surely, Lady Florence?"

Something in his voice, his face, made her shudder.

"Mr. Tempest has asked me to be his wife," she said in a low voice.

He stopped in the middle of the bar of the waltz, and looked at her with a curious expression on his face.

"And you have consented? I congratulate him, and wish you every happiness, Lady Florence. I also congratulate myself."

She stood with closely shut lips and a haughty gaze fixed on a level with his face.

"You forgot! I am a poor man, Lady Florence, to whom a thousand pounds means something worth having. And so you are engaged?"

"Yes," she said, as if forced.

He smiled, a smile of conventional congratulation.

"May every happiness attend you!" he said. "You see what a reliable prophet I am, especially when I take care that my prophecy shall come true."

She stopped and looked at him haughtily yet half tearfully, under her lowered lids.

"I do not understand," she said coldly. "What have you done to—to——?"

"To bring about this delightfully suitable love-match?" he said with a cynical curl of his lip, a mocking light in his eyes. "Oh, I am too modest a man to speak of my own achievements, but perhaps you may know some day. You will understand me better then than you do now, Lady Florence."

* * * * * *

Nora Trevanion was no longer Nora Trevanion, but Nora Vale; no longer poor—and, indeed, but for the remnant of the twenty-five pounds, penniless—but a millionairess! As Milly declared, at least twenty times a day, it was more like a fairy tale than serious, solid truth.

For several days Mr. Lester, and the two girls discussed Nora's future; or, rather, Milly discoursed, while her father and Nora listened—the one with a grave smile of amusement, the other with a smile that was rather sad.

"Of course," said Milly from her place on the couch, where she lay regarding Nora's beautiful face with profound satisfaction and unalloyed admiration and affection, "of course you feel confused and bewildered; you can't help it. I can't myself. But it will never do to let that feeling get the better of us. What I can't help seeing is that we are losing time."

"Losing time?" repeated Nora, in the quiet voice which had become habitual with her now, and was rarely exchanged for the old, quick resolute tones.

"Yes," said Milly earnestly. "It seems dreadful to me that you should have all this money, that you should be quite one of the richest young persons in England, and—and be sitting here doing nothing, while——"

"While she might be spending it," put in Mr. Lester, who was supposed to be engaged with his newspaper.

Milly laughed.

"Now, no sarcasm, papa. This is a serious business, sir. Don't you see," piteously, "that she doesn't seem to care about her good fortune in the very least? Why, she might just as well be a poor, helpless cripple like me, and as incapable of enjoying herself! And she's no different, and so—so fitted for riches and honor——"

"And glory and conquest," put in Mr. Lester with his grave smile. "What do you want her to do, may I ask, my dear Milly?"

Milly pouted.

"Oh, if you are going to crush me with cheap cynicism—— What do I want her to do? Why, I want to see her in her proper sphere. I want to see her take the war-path! How can you sit there, and see her sitting there, as if—as if she were a mere nobody like myself? Oh, I know she's in mourning," she went on, seeing, him glance at Nora's plain black dress; "but though Nora has the tenderest heart in the world, and, also, would rather die than shock the proprieties——"

Nora started slightly, and bent her head.

"Still there would be no harm in her doing something. Why don't you take her out, and buy a big house in one of the best parts of London, and get a carriage and horses for her, and—and—oh, help her to spend some of this heap of money and take her proper place in society, or 'sassiety,' as I think it is pronounced now."

Both Nora and Mr. Lester laughed.

"Are you so eager to get all these things, and make a hole—it will be a small one—in your vast riches, Nora?" he asked.

Nora shook her head.

"Oh, of course she isn't. She is just a mouse!" said Milly. "She would be quite content to sit there poring over a book—she seems to know a great deal more than any of us now—as if she were grinding for a pupil teacher's exam. She'd be quite content to remain where she is for—for years, perhaps for ever. But it's her duty—do you hear, sir?—it's her duty to wake up; and if she doesn't, it's our duty to her."

Mr. Lester leant back and looked thoughtfully at the beautiful face with the sad, meditative eyes. He guessed that there was something in the history of the period between her flight from Trelorne and his meeting with her at Killin which had cast a dark shadow over her life; but it was only conjecture, for Nora, in telling him her past, had carefully concealed her knowledge of Vane Tempest and the "Ernest Mortimer" episode, and Mr. Lester respected her reticence.

That she must have suffered keenly, he knew and knowing this he had permitted her to continue the quiet life with them, which he saw had been so beneficial to her. But he felt that there was some truth in Milly's plaint, and he said—

"I'm afraid you're right, my dear, and that Nora will have to take up the burden which Providence has laid upon her. The question is—'What shape shall the burden take?' Do you hanker after a town house at once, or would you like to inspect your estate at Garth's Hollow? Perhaps you ought to go down there. It is certain that they expect you, and will be glad to see you."

Nora stifled a sigh. She had no great desire to see Vale Hall and its splendors. Vale Hall was near the Witch's Cauldron, and it's bitter, sweet memories of Vane Tempest, and the first moment of her unconscious love for him.

"I will go if I ought to do so," she said quietly; "that is, we will go, of course."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Milly. "Of course we will go. You don't suppose we should let you face the ordeal alone? Besides, you would mope yourself to death in that vast place all alone. You want a bright, cheerful, active young person like me with you, my dear."

Nora laughed and looked at Mr. Lester, who waited her decision.

"Very well," he said with a nod; "I will arrange it. We will go down next Monday. I will write them to expect us, and——"

"And meanwhile," filled in Milly, "we will go and buy some things to go in; because, as for me, I haven't a rag to my back. I suppose they will be quite ready for us, papa? How curious they must all be, the tenants and the old servants, to see their new landlord—or landlady; landlady doesn't sound right somehow—and mistress!"

"Oh, yes, they will be quite ready, and no doubt are curious enough. I have been in constant communication with the steward-agent, and Nora may be assured that her property is not being neglected."

For the next few days Milly caused Nora and herself to be driven from shop to shop, and would, if Nora had not laughingly protested, have purchased an outfit varied and costly enough to satisfy a Russian princess; and on that Monday they started for Vale Hall.

Nora could not but feel the contrast between the manner of her flight from Cornwall and return to it. She had journeyed thence on foot, disguised in the rough garb of a fisherlad; she was returning in a saloon carriage specially ordered, surrounded by every luxury possible to the occasion, and attired, if not "in silks and satins," in clothes of costly material made by one of London's first and most expensive artistes.

All the way down Milly talked in a vein of anticipatory excitement, and anyone seeing the two girls would have concluded that it was the fragile-looking cripple who had come into a fortune and was revelling in its possibilities, instead of the quiet and rather silent Nora.

They reached Trelorne in the evening, and a carriage and pair was waiting to take them on. It was dark, but a small group of sailors and fishermen was gathered to look at them, and Nora and Milly leant forward and looked at them eagerly, but Nora, after a single glance sank back again.

In that glance she saw the face of the man who had wished her "good-night" on the beach the evening she had wrecked her boat; and the sight of his face recalled the past too painfully for her to want to recognize others.

The horse—they were her own, from the Hall stables—sped along through the night, and after what seemed to Milly, in her impatience, a never-ending drive, they reached the Hall.

Nora looked out and saw the vast pile in the flickering lights of a double row of torches, and a strange sensation ran through her. Surely it was all a dream! Not even when a burst of cheering rose from the rough farm-laborers and miners, and cries of "Welcome, welcome home, Miss Vale!" rose on the wild night, did she realize, full realize, that is was herself they were welcoming, and that this huge building was her "home."

The house, as Milly whispered, was like a lighthouse, and it was evident that the servants had done their best, and succeeded in making the great place seem bright and cheerful. A huge fire burned in the stone fireplace which Vane had so much admired; the antique gilt candelabra, which hung from the centre of the vaulted roof, was filled with lighted candles; blazing fires were seen through the open doors of the rooms; the servants—and there seemed an army of them—were drawn up in lines in the hall; and on every face, as Nora, followed by Milly on her father's arm, walked down the human lane, was an expression of genuine interest and welcome.

Only an outline of their young mistress' story was known to them, but her beautiful face with its vague sadness, the melancholy in the lovely eyes, which, not unnaturally, were dimmed with sudden tears, went straight to their simple hearts.

Milly, half carried by her father, caught at Nora's dress.

"Oh, wait, wait a moment, dear," she pleaded. "Isn't it lovely, simply lovely! I've tried to picture an old place like—a really old ancestral house—but I never imgined anything quite so perfect as this hall! And how nice they look!" she went on excitedly, but in a lower voice. "And they all seem so pleased to see you. Aren't you—do you think you could manage to say just one word to them?" Look! here is the housekeeper, I suppose."

An old dame in black merino, with a worn white cap of lace, and the indescribable air of self-respect and dignity which the "old retainer" acquires, separated herself from the rest and advanced with a curtsey.

"We are very glad to see you, ma'am," she said, "and we hope that you will be happy in your new home. We wish you every happiness, ma'am, and offer you our duty."

Nora held out her hand and stilled her trembling lips.

"Thank you, thank you," she said. "You are all very kind to welcome me in this way, and—and I am very grateful."

Perhaps they had expected more pride and self-possession in the newly-made mistress of Vale Hall, perhaps they had expected a kind of Lady Florence; anyway, her manner of taking their reception, the beauty of her face, and the sweetness of her voice and gaze went home to them. A cheer rose, and the old dame's eyes filled with tears.

"God bless you, miss!" she faltered, "and give you happiness in your new home." Then her manner changed, and she was once more the person in authority as she turned to a modest-looking maid—dressed in black, like the rest—and said—

"Conduct Miss Vale to her room. Jane, go with Mr. and Miss Lester."

"Come with me. Miss Lester sleeps in a room next to mine, please," said Nora; and the two girls were escorted up the broad stairs to the vast bedrooms.

"Dinner will be served in an hour, miss," said the butler, who had also received his honor of Nora's hand-shake.

"Dinner! As if either of us wanted dinner!" exclaimed Milly, when they were were alone. "Oh, Nora, isn't it like a page out of the 'Arabian Nights'? Papa talked as if this were quite an out-of-the-world place; but it might be one of the palaces in Kensington, only that everything here is so beautifully—what's the word?—'dignified' and mellow. And that dear old lady in the black merino! Did you see the tears in her eyes? Oh, Nora, how happy you must be!—ought to be!" she corrected herself gently, and with a wistful look at Nora's eyes, which still wore their sad expression, though she smiled as she bent over the couch beside the fire, and kissed Milly's flushed face. She was very quiet, and it was still Milly who talked, while their maids dressed them for dinner.

The dining-room, with its old oak and pictures, its big table with the Vale plate

increased Milly's rapturous satisfaction.

Neither of the girls ate much of a dinner; but Mr. Lester, who had arrived at the philosophic stage, did not permit his admiration to interfere with his gastronomic enjoyment.

"You have a first-rate cook as well as a magnificent house, Nora," he said, "and a cellar that would want a great deal of beating; but I'm afraid that portion of your worldly goods won't receive proper appreciation from you. You will excuse my saying that such claret and port are thrown away upon young ladies, who generally prefer the awful concoction known as ginger wine to the rarest vintages of Portugal or France."

They found the great drawing-room lighted up as if for a grand party, and it is not to be wondered at if Nora, looking round the stately room, with its painted ceiling and hangings of old brocade, was too tired to realize that all this splendor belonged to her.

The next day was wet, and the two girls made a tour of the vast place under the guidance of the housekeeper, a couple of footmen at times carrying Milly in a portable wicker chair, which Nora had caused to be brought with them from London; at others she limped round, leaning on Nora's strong arm, expressing her astonishment and delight at everything. At one door the lady paused with her hand on the handle.

"I don't know whether you'd care to go in here, miss," she said. "It's an old lumber-room, and dreadfully dusty. No one ever went in here excepting the master—I mean Mr. Vale."

"Oh, do let us go in!" said Milly, pressing Nora's arm; and the housekeeper, at an assenting glance from Nora, unlocked the door, while one of the footmen was sent for a light. When the lamp shed its beams upon the scene of confusion, the overturned tables and broken, piled-up chairs, the faded drapery and iron-clamped boxes, the two girls looked round with awed curiosity.

"What's behind that curtain, I wonder?" said Milly in a whisper.

The footman drew it aside, and at the sight of the portrait of the beautiful woman whom Reuben Vale had loved so passionately, and suspected so unjustly, a low cry rose from Nora's lips, and her face grew paler than before.

Milly clasped her hand tightly.

"Nora, it's—it's——"

"Yes, Miss Lester, it's Miss Vale's mother," said the old housekeeper solemnly. "It was carried here the day——"

She stopped in confusion. Mr. Lester came into the room at the moment.

"You girls still exploring——" he began; then he glanced from the picture to Nora's face, down which the tears were trickling. "I know now why the other side gave in so quietly and quickly," he said under his breath. "I sent them your portrait, my dear, and they had only to compare it with this to see how strong our case was. Don't cry, my dear; and—and I think I would come away now."

"It—it must not be left there," said Nora almost inaudibly. "I should like—" She could get no further, but he understood her.

"Go now, both of you," he said. "I will give instructions for its removal to a worthier place."

"It's the image of our young mistress!" said the housekeeper. "I saw the likeness the moment she entered the hall last night. And now you are here, sir, perhaps you would look round? There might be something else Miss Vale would like taken out."

He nodded and looked round thoughtfully; then he examined the old boxes, and tried his keys in the locks.

Half an hour afterwards he appeared in the drawing-room, where the two girls were sitting, with a cedar case in his hand and with a grave smile laid it before Nora.

"I have been exploring, too, my dear," he said. "Can you guess what it is I have got here?"

Nora shook her head. Her eyes were still moist; the spirit of the mother whom she had never known seemed hovering over her. He lifted the lid of the box, and tilted it towards them. Milly uttered an exclamation of amazed delight, and even Nora looked startled. There in a heap, as Reuben Vale had left them the day he showed them to Vane, were her dead mother's gems. Nora looked at them through a mist. Priceless as they were, these diamonds and rubies and pearls, she would have given them all, together with the Hall, and everything she possessed, for one touch of her mother's hand's, one kiss rom her lips.

"Take them away for to-day, papa," Milly whispered. "They are wonderful, wonderful! and some other time—— Let us go to our room, Nora dear."

When they came down to dinner that portrait which had been hidden so long behind the curtain amidst the dust and lumber smiled down upon them from over the huge fireplace, and beside that of Reuben Vale; and Nora never passed through the hall without pausing and looking up with loving sadness at the beautiful face whose eyes seemed to pour down a benediction upon her.

When the rain held up the two girls drove out, and gradually visited the whole estate. They drove in a dainty but serviceable phaeton, drawn by a pair of pretty but quiet ponies; and before very long the tenants and the miners grew to look out for and welcome the appearance of the "young mistress" and her friend. It was generally known that Nora had once lived not far from the mansion which she now owned, and the people, being acquainted with the vague outlines of her story, came to regard her as a kind of heroine.

"They never look at you without seeing a halo of romance about your head, dear," Milly remarked.

At first, with the reserve characteristic of the Western people, they were rather stand-offish to her, as if they were on their guard and waiting to see what sort of a person the new mistress was likely to prove. But before very long they thawed under Nora's smile and the gentle regard of the sad eyes, and not only the women and children, who were the first to be vanquished, but the rough men themselves were eager to get a word and a smile from "our young lady." They were quick, too, to recognize that beneath the extreme quietude of her manner there dwelt a spirit which was as full of fire as their own.

"She's no mouse, our young mistress," said one old miner when the gang were discussing her—she had just driven past the mouth of the mine, and had pulled up to exchange a word with them as they sat smoking their after-dinner-pipe. "She's no mouse, for all her soft and speiry ways. There's a look in her eyes that's like old Reuben Vale's. I wouldn't like to anger her; you'd see them brows of hers come down and them eyes of hers flash like the old man's used. Someut's happened to the lass to cast her down, but the spirit's there, boys, though it may be sleepin', as you may say. And she's strong, too—just like the old man! Did you notice how she lifted Wully's child just now? He went up in her arms and above her head as if he'd been a bag of feathers; and there's more puddin' than feathers in the young 'un."

"Aye, aye," assented one of the men. "I remember her skimming from rock to rock down there on the beach below the Cauldron like a young goat, as lissom and as strong. Lawks alive, I little thought when I seen her then, with her hair a-flyin' and the rain drippin' off her, that she'd come to reign at the Hall. It's a strange world, my sonnies. I rub my eyes sometimes when I looks at her, and wonders whether she really was the girl as used to live up there and help us to run a cargo. Hah!" he drew a long breath. "It's a strange world, indeed, my sonnies, and full of contrariness. Little did old Reuben know that his own darter was livin' up in the cliff there like a young eagle."

"I wonder whether she remembers it?" said the first man ruminatingly.

Did she remember the Witch's Cauldron and the old days? She never spoke of them, never alluded to the past in any way; and very soon people began to forget the story of the wild girl of the smuggler's hut, and almost to doubt if Miss Vale and she were one and the same person.

After a while, the county families and neighbors—if a person who lives at least six miles off can be called a neighbor—came to visit her; came with not unnatural curiosity, and went away with surprise and amazement. They expected to see a shy, shrinking, underbred girl, embarrassed by the splendor of her new surroundings, and haunted by an ignoble past. They found, instead, a perfectly self-possessed young lady, with a lovely face and a graceful form, and that indescribable air of reserve and unconscious dignity which quite matched, if it did not surpass, the visitors' own.

In youth one learns quickly, and, in truth, Nora had rapidly become accustomed to the grandeur of Vale Hall, and the fact that she was a millionairess. She had inherited Reuben Vale's self-reliance and pride as well as his money, as the shrewd old miner had observed.

The visitors went away much struck by her beauty and grace and self-possession, and would have been very friendly—some of them were quite prepared to gush—but they found it difficult "to get on with" the young mistress of Vale Hall. It was evident she did not want to be made much of, or gushed over, and that she preferred to live quietly with her bosom friend—Miss Lester—and was quite content to find her amusement in driving about the country with the little cripple, or riding—very often unattended—the black mare, which she sat with the ease and grace acquired by her in the old days when she caught and rode barebacked the ponies of the moor.

On the two or three occasions she accepted invitations to dinner she made a great sensation among the West Country gentry, and set many a male heart aching; but most of them mingled fear with admiration. The expression of quiet reserve, mixed with a vague sadness in the gray eyes, was so unlike anything they had ever seen—excepting on the stage, they said—that they felt thrown back upon themselves, as it were. But if Nora was reserved with her equals and those in high places, the poor soon learned that her heart was tender enough towards them and their sorrows, and no one ever came to her for pity or for aid and went away uncomforted or empty-handed. Indeed, Mr. Lester banteringly scolded her on the indiscriminate manner in which she dispensed her charity—

"You give a sovereign where the shillings would be quite sufficient, my dear," he said; "and I warn you that Vale Hall is getting to be regarded as a revival of the old monastic system of charity. In the old days, you know, the poor flocked to the monasteries and convents whenever they were hungry or hard up, and were fed and clothed with no questions asked—which was all very well in those benighted days."

"But not in these enlightened ones, when the poor must bring a certificate of good behavior with them before we throw them the crust which may save them from starvation," she said, with a flash of her eyes. "Please let me go upon the old system, Mr. Lester. We will follow the monks and nuns, and asks no questions, won't we, Milly?"

Mr. Lester laughed.

"All right!" he said. "It's a good thing that you are not only rich, but very rich. Only when you're giving away nearly all your money, don't forget that I shall remark 'I told you so!'"

And Nora had smiled and sighed.

"What is the use of all the money if I can't try and make some of the miserable ones happy—even if it is only for a little time?"

"While they are getting drunk on it," suggested Mr. Lester.

She smiled again, and shrugged her shoulders.

"Do they? Some of them, I daresay. But would you and I be any better than they are if we were in their places?"

"No. I should be worse," he said with a laugh. "Oh, I am not going to argue with you, my dear Nora; it's so monotonous—for you always win, or think you do."

It was a peaceful life she led, but, notwithstanding Milly's companionship, a solitary one. She was always communing with the past, on which her lips were closed—always thinking of Vane Tempest, of the life in London, of the days spent so happily by his side, of the cottage in Scotland, and the scene which had changed her, as by the wave of a magician's wand, from an ignorant girl to a sorrow-stricken woman.

The winter passed and the spring stole over the land. It makes itself seen and felt early in this region, and one day late in February Nora pulled up the black mare on the edge of the moor, and looked round her with a sense of wonder breaking in upon her dreamy meditations on the past. A warm breath came across the ocean, as if it were laden with spices from the South; the grass beneath her horse's hoofs was a tender green; the primroses peeped shyly from the sheltered places; the young lambs on a distant hill bleated in harmony with the song of the lark and the thrush was trying his voice.

She let the reins lie loose, and leant forward, her lips apart, as if she were drinking in the fragrant breath of spring. The boom, boom of the sea breaking on the rocks in the distance smote upon her ear with a muffled sound, and there seemed a note of invitation in its voice.

She had not yet, since her return, visited the beach below the hut; though it rose before her in her dreams night after night, she had avoided the actual spot, for she knew that the sight of it would only add a keener pang to her memories.

But this morning, and for the first time, a desire to see the wild place in which her childhood had been passed stole over her, and at last became irresistible, for though she turned the horse towards home she stopped again, and after a moment or two of rebellion against the impulse that possessed her rode towards the Cauldron. The latter part of the way the road was not too safe, but Nora was absolutely fearless in the saddle, and she guided the mare up and down the narrow path on the ledges of the rocks without a tremor.

She came to the bridge at last, and stopped and looked down into the gorge below it. It seemed to her that it was only yesterday that she had seen Vane Tempest through the mist of rain and fog, and heard his voice—the voice whose echo still made sad music in her heart. She turned away with a heavy sigh and tremulous lips, dismounted, and, tying the mare to a tree, picked her way along the path upon which she had led Vane blindfold that never-to-be-forgotten night.

Her heart beat quickly as she came to the hut, then sank sadly as she looked at what remained of it. It was empty, and partly in ruins; the rain and the wind had swept in through the thin door; a gull, uttering scared shrieks, flew out, its wings almost beating against her face. The secret place in the rock, which smugglers of a couple of generations ago had wrought so skilfully, was broken open, and a secret no longer. It was difficult to realize that there had ever been a girl called Trevanion who had called that hovel "home;" more difficult still to realize that she who stood there, clad in one of Redfern's habits, the mistress of Vale Hall and a million of money, was the same girl who ran about the rocks below with bare feet and tattered frock. Mistress of Vale Hall and a million of money! Why, she would gladly give it all in exchange for that day when Vane came down the roks calling to her to take him sailing with her.

She went down to the beach, and, sinking on to a rock, leant her head upon her hands and gave herself up to the vision of those few short days and their unconscious joy, and presently the tears began to roll down her cheeks. She stretched out her hands as she had stretched them out to the door of the room in the cottage in which he sat the night she fled.

"Oh, my love, my love!" broke from her trembling lips, "if I could only forget—forget!"

* * * * * *

Vane went home after his proposal to Lady Florence, and to bed: and he did not get up again for two months.

The doctors called it by a scientific name in six syllables, and said that the trouble had risen from a cold brought about by exposure to the wet; and everybody remarked that here was another instance of the truth that a common cold was the beginning of most serious illnesses.

For some time it was a question whether he would recover. The fever was obstinate, and the doctors said the patient showed a lack of nerve power. There was no evidence of a desire on his part to second their efforts at pulling him through.

To Mr. Senley Tyers, who proved a staunch friend, and was to be found for some portion of each day by his friend's bedside, one eminent doctor remarked—

"I am included to think that Mr. Tempest has something on his mind; some trouble or annoyance upon which he has been dwelling. There is a morbid condition which militates against his recovery and defies the usual treatment. Physically he is a splendid specimen, splendid! But the body, you see, Mr. Tyers, is very much, too much, under the influence of the mind, and our patient's mind has suffered some great disturbance, I am convinced. Are you aware of any trouble that would have been likely to affect him seriously?"

And Senley Tyers had put on a look of careful consideration before he had replied—

"No—no, certainly not. If there had been I must have known it. There were money troubles—most young men of his position——"

The eminent one shook his head and smiled.

"The anxiety was not a financial one, I should say," he remarked. "Do you know of anything else?"

"No," replied Senley Tyers, "of course there may have been; but I don't think it is likely. I know him so intimately that I must have heard of it. No, I should say that my friend was particularly free from anxiety. As you know, he is engaged to Lady Florence Heathcote, and—ahem—whatever monetary trouble there may have been would, in consequence of that engagement, have ceased."

The doctor nodded the professional nod.

"Quite so, quite so," he said. "We may be mistaken. The fever—it has been a severe and obstinate one—may have produced this extreme lassitude and indifference; it is quite possible. What we have to do now is to build him up and—er—arouse that desire for life which—ahem—should exist in the breast of a man so young and physically sound."

"You think he will pull through?" Senley Tyers had asked, looking down at the haggard face of his sick friend with a peculiar expression which rather puzzled the eminent doctor.

"Oh, yes—yes," he replied. "With care, with care. As I told Lady Florence, whose anxiety is naturally very great, he has a capital chance if we can get the better of this weakness and lassitude."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

To weary heart, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love our dear
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience, sent to calm
Our feverish brow with cooling palm,
To lay the storms of hope and fear
And reconcile life's smile and tear,
The throbs of wounded pride to still
And make our own our Father's will.

Oh, thou who mourneat on thy way.
With longing for the close of day!
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on; the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well."

Once Too Often.

BY R. S. D.

CHAPTER I.

THERE were four sisters of them when they first came to live at Malden Green, which was two years after their father's death. Mrs. Hargrave had been dead for many years, and it was understood by the neighbors that in truth the eldest sister, Delia, had been quite a mother to the other three.

Not that any one ever found out that or any other of her good deeds from herself—not they, but they saw it and heard it, in time, from the other three—it was Delia this, Delia that; so, no wonder they were attached to her and everyone liked her, she was such a bright, chirrupy little woman at eight-and-thirty; always in a good-temper and good-natured. Why, the mere sight of her rosy face was enough to cheer an invalid, without her good nursing—if such were needed.

Of course, too, she taught in the Sunday school, was in a hundred ways the rector's right hand, and—which the young fry more appreciated—generally had a pocket supplied with bon-bons, especially chocolate drops, of which simplest of sweetmeats all her three sisters were especially fond, though, as the younger one often said laughingly, they never bought any, since Delia often gave them chocolate from her bon-bon box. And so she did.

Not being gossips, no one knew exactly what their means were, but though they lived quietly it was evident that Mr. Hargrave had left his daughters very comfortably provided for—certainly, considering that they all lived together and therefore quartered to each the total expenses of everything not actually personal.

Their house—The Lodge, it was called—was a commodious cottage ornee in a large garden, and had good stables. They kept a parlor-maid who was also ladies'-maid, a housemaid and cook, the latter's husband being the odd man, gardener, coachman, groom, etc.—an invaluable man.

The sisters kept a low park phaeton and two pretty little horses, for harness or saddle, and besides this each sister had her own tricycle, which occupied the space in the coach-house meant for another carriage.

The two next sisters, Lucy and Agnes, aged respectfully thirty and twenty-nine, were, like Delia, rather plain, save for a similar bright, rosy complexion. The youngest, Geraldine, was only twenty-three, and certainly different from the others, for she was a tall, slender, and pretty brunette.

She, of course, had many admirers in the neighborhood, but she only laughed at it all and said, "Not for Joe!" She cared for none of them, and liked her freedom better.

"Till Mr. Right comes, my dear," said Delia, merrily, and Geraldine tossed her curly black head, and danced off to her piano.

But about this time the first foreshadow of a terrible grief crept insidiously into this happy home. Lucy grew languid at times, lost her roses, complained of spasms at the heart and shortness of breath if she walked fast. The Malden doctor said it was indigestion, and prescribed in accordance, but as the weeks went by into a couple of months Lucy's health grew worse, and one day she actually fainted suddenly.

This so alarmed the sisters that Delia resolved upon calling in a London physician of whom she said she had heard as very clever. So this Dr. Barnes came down and held a consultation with Mr. Forbes, of Malden. As the result of the examination, Lucy's heart was pronounced to be affected; the terrible malady, it was said, must have been secretly making its inroads for some time.

Then Delia admitted with tears that their mother had had heart disease, of which she had really died, although the immediate cause of death was a chill. Delia had always secretly feared that in all of them the inherited germ of the grim malady might become active.

Well, to make a long story short, poor Lucy, despite several deceitful rallies, grew worse, and in three months died. This terrible loss was only the first. Scarcely had six months passed when Agnes—who had never quite rallied—began to show signs of the same fatal heritage. But her health declined so insidiously for months that they all tried to hope. Vain hope, indeed! In the spring Agnes grew worse, and Mr. Forbes sorrowfully shook his head as he prescribed. Medicine could only alleviate, not arrest, the fell disease, and too soon he had to give the same certificate as with Lucy—heart disease.

The two left were broken-hearted, and they went away for a few weeks' change of air and scene. Geraldine, indeed, wished to travel for months, but Delia said she felt quite unequal to that as yet; indeed she got so nervous at being away from home, and the doctor, and friends so familiar and trusted, that in a month she begged to go home, and of course Geraldine would not leave her yet, if at all, she added tenderly. Perhaps later on they might arrange to go abroad.

When they got back to Malden Green they found that the Rector had a visitor—an old friend.

CHAPTER II.

THIS visitor, Avelyn Leicester, was a tall handsome man of six or seven-and-thirty, who had knocked about the world, and acquired, in the course of his very varied experience, all sorts of odd knowledge and not a little of money. Indeed, he told the Rector laughingly that he had now a very nice competence. He was too the most delightful of companions—genial, sympathetic, full of information, very unconventional, but always the perfect gentleman; and all the society at Malden soon voted him an acquisition, and hoped he would stay long.

"That is what we are all wishing, you see," said the Rector, about a fortnight after the Hargraves' return and introduction to the visitor.

Leicester smiled rather oddly, and pulled his moustache.

"You're all too kind, Latimer. Perhaps I may linger on here a spell if—well, if for one thing you'll have me as a boarder, not else."

Latimer knew the man and yielded the point.

"It's all nonsense, my dear fellow, but you always would have your way. I am too glad to have you stay on any terms. Now I must be off to my schools."

"And I see Miss Geraldine Hargrave yonder, so I'll join her," said Leicester, easily, and went off with free, graceful step and bearing.

Geraldine greeted him with a bright, if transient, smile as she gave him her soft bare hand, which he held a trifle longer and more closely than usual before he released it, asking:

"Are you going for a stroll? May I keep you company, if I am not in the way?"

"You—oh, no!" she said frankly, but with an odd new thrill of gladness that threw her late sorrow into the background for a time. "Only I am afraid that I shall prove a dull companion at present."

"Never dull to me," he said gently; "you must always believe that, you know, and how deeply I feel for you and your sister in your sorrow. Forgive my touching on it, but I mean it."

"I know you do," was all the woman's quivering lips could say, and for some time neither spoke. Then quickly, adroitly he began to draw her out of herself and her trouble, making poor Geraldine wonder at, and almost blame herself, for the strange new sweetness that was stealing into her very heart and soul, making the sunshine brighter and the time fly too quickly—as it certainly did too for Avelyn only he fully knew why, and that it lay with him to seek the often repetition of such happy hours, if, as yet, respect for her late bereavement forbade him to speak of his love to Geraldine, or too overtly take the role of lover. He was always welcome to drop in at The Lodge in his free and easy fashion; and indeed he was equally free now of most of the houses at Malden.

But Fate, as she often does, took into her own hands the question of Leicester's silence or speaking; and Fate chose to throw into the balance of the scale for the latter.

It was one rather sultry afternoon, and they had met by chance right at the other side of Malden Common, and at Avelyn's suggestion had strolled on until the sudden darkening of the sky and growl of thunder warned them to turn back. But they had barely time to take shelter in an old barn they had recently passed, when the storm burst in all its fury—a deluge of rain, vivid fork lightning, and crashes of thunder overhead.

"I must force that old door close shut," Leicester said.

"No, no! oh, don't go outside for a moment," cried the girl, in terror for him; and in that instant there was a flash so vivid, that it was blinding; with it a crash and deafening roar above. Blindly the man caught the girl to his breast.

"Geraldine, my darling, can you see?"

"Yes, yes—but you!" she gasped, trembling, clinging, half-dazed with sudden exquisite joy. Had she heard aright through all the tumult of the elements, or—ah, Heaven! was he putting her from him?

"I was dazzled for a moment," came under his breath, drawing a step back. "I—I forgot that—forgive me."

Their eyes met. Then he opened his arms to her, gathered her to his heart again, pressed his lips to hers in a passion of joy.

"My love! my love!" came at last. "I had not meant to speak for weeks yet."

"Dearest, hush! I understand all," Geraldine said softly.

"And you know now what keeps me here, Geraldine; and now that the thing is done, I mean to carry you off very soon," he added, with tender imperativeness. "You want thorough change—traveling—new scenes. You have seemed to be rather languid this week, and to-day when I met you, you were walking as if you were tired."

"Ye-es, I think I was tired, but that is nothing, Avelyn. I should have gone to travel, but poor Delia could not bear to be away from home, and I could not leave her alone so soon after our loss."

"No, but still that cannot hold for ever," said Leicester decisively, "and you don't like living in the country any more than I do."

"Oh, no, but when my father died Delia and the others preferred Malden, and I came; but I have always told Delia that I should go back to London as our headquarters. We lived in Bayswater; that is where our mother died, you know, when I was a wee child. And, Avelyn——"

"Yes, dear, what is it?"

"Did you know—I think you ought to be told—that Delia admitted, when my sisters died of heart disease——"

"What did she admit?"

"That—that it was inherited from our mother," whispered Geraldine, shivering—he felt it—within her lover's arm. "She died from a chill, but it laid hold of her weak point."

"How did Delia know?" said Leicester after pause. "She was only eighteen then. And why did she keep such an ugly secret for twenty years?"

"Ah, she could not—would not believe it, Avelyn, nor alarm us, till the miserable truth was forced upon her by our dear sisters' death. Mother herself told Delia when she was dying, and if two have so inherited the fatal seeds, why not the other two?"

But Avelyn suddenly, passionately strained her to him.

"No, no!" he said hoarsely, "not for my treasure—not for you! Delia has lived on, and why not you too?"

He loosed her and turned sharply aside for a minute. Then he came back and said, in quite another tone and manner:

"Your mother may have been mistaken or Delia have mistaken her. Don't say a word to Delia—it would only alarm her; nor must you fancy that——"

"Stay, Avelyn—this tiredness you noticed, that langour, was the first sign we noticed in Lucy and Agnes," said Geraldine steadily.

Leicester went white and started slightly.

"Nonsense, dearest, but if so that only confirms my resolve. But say nothing, as I told you. Come now, the storm is over, and we'll start homewards. And you must be wanting your tea too, poor child," he added in a lighter tone as they set forwards across the common.

"And you, too," she said, "but meanwhile we'll console ourselves with some of Delia's lovely chocolate drops. She gave me several just before I came out. Hold out your hand."

He obeyed, smiling, ate two of the drops, and not caring for more, slipped the other three into his pocket, unseen by Geraldine, and sooth to say—naturally enough—the lover soon forgot the chocolate drops.

CHAPTER III

DELIA HARGRAVE received Avelyn's announcement of his and Geraldine's engagement with cordial gladness, adding in her odd, bright way that she had foreseen some such news a week as far as was concerned. The Rector, too, when told that night, warmly congratulated his friend, with whose plan also he fully agreed.

But Leicester had another little plan of his own, which he put on train the next day by writing a letter to a certain famous specialist in heart and kindred diseases. The reply came by return, and as the result, Avelyn looked in at The Lodge and told Geraldine that next day he was going to take her to town for a day's change and amusement; she was to be ready by ten o'clock.

London was an hour and a half's run, and on the way Avelyn told Geraldine their real destination. He wished no one to be told, and he did not want Dr. Percival to learn from her about her mother and sisters.

"I want his unbiassed opinion of you," he said.

Geraldine had been a little startled by the lover's ex parte plan, but promised to do all he asked. He was much older and wiser than she was, and knew best of course, she told him, with a tender smile of perfect love and trust, as the hansom drew up at the great man's door.

Of course they had to. Doctors always do keep one waiting at least a quarter of an hour after the time appointed, and the more successful they are, the longer one is kept—it is part of their stock-in-trade, no doubt.

A solemn man-servant appeared, and said, "This way, please, ma'am," and Avelyn was left alone to wait in suspense and anxiety for the verdict.

How long the time seemed before the solemn servant appeared and begged him to follow him to the consulting room.

One glance at Geraldine's face sent a thrill of extreme relief to Avelyn's heart as he shook hands with Dr. Percival, and then heard his verdict of absolute acquittal.

Miss Hargrave was sound as a bell from head to foot. There was not the slightest sign or trace of any sort of disease, organic or intermittent. It was no wonder that she had never had an illness, as she stated. The lassitude she had felt so lately was doubtless merely accidental.

"But," said Leicester, "might there not possibly be the seeds of inherited heart disease if, say, her mother had had it, and yet it would not be detected so long as it is dormant?"

"No," replied Dr. Percival, "I should have detected some sign of organic weakness. Neither is it always an absolute sequence for a child, especially if a younger one, to inherit the mother's complaint."

"Then it would not shake your decision, doctor, to be told that Mrs. Hargrave had—or believed she had—heart disease?"

"Indeed? No, I keep my verdict," returned the unmoved doctor. "Did she die of it?"

"Oh, no, nor does her eldest daughter, now nearly forty, seem to have inherited any such weakness, any more than this one—the youngest. But, doctor, two sisters coming between them have in the last eighteen months died of heart disease—the one at thirty, the other at twenty-nine."

"Yes? That is certainly rather unusual, but still the seeds may develop in one person and not in another. Miss Hargrave may or may not have the inherited seeds, but if she is now forty clearly nothing has yet—and may never—develop them actively."

"But, doctor," said Geraldine, now turning from the window to which she had retreated, "my sisters always were so strong and healthy—just like Delia and me"—her voice gave, but she mastered herself and added—"But we must not keep you longer. Thank you very much for your verdict."

Avelyn thanked him also warmly and they left.

But somehow there was a vague sense

of uneasiness about Avelyn that had neither shape nor dim thought, but still was present. Dr. Percival's remark, too, vaguely haunted him—"It is certainly rather unusual"—and also the suggestion that perhaps Mrs. Hargrave's belief had been unfounded.

If so, where and how had Lucy and Agnes contracted their fatal complaint, and was the great specialist mistaken as to Delia and Geraldine having escaped the terrible inheritance?

It was that night, when alone, that Avelyn's vague uneasiness took something more of shape, still with a dimness and darkness behind it which escape mental grasp.

On one point, however, there was no sort of doubt or uncertainty in intention or action. The matter about Mrs. Hargrave's belief must be solved if possible. The next day, strolling with Geraldine, Leicester, with a carelessly adroit question or two, ascertained that the doctor who had attended Mrs. Hargrave in her last illness had attended the family for years, but had since retired from practice, left London, and they had lost sight of him. His name was Markham, of Bishop's Road, Paddington.

When Avelyn took leave of the sisters that evening, he said, easily:

"I am afraid I shall not see you for a day or two, as I must go to my lawyer in town, and also call on an old friend who has arrived in England."

Leicester went the next morning by the first train, which reached Paddington about nine o'clock. He went into the post office near by in Bishop's Road, and from the Directory found that only two doctors lived in Bishop's Road, and inquired in one or two shops, eliciting that one had been there some five years, and the other about ten or twelve years.

This, then, was probably the successor to Mr. Markham, and so Avelyn called at No. — and interviewed the doctor. Yes, he had taken Mr. Markham's practice, who, on retiring, had gone to live at Brighton, where he still resided. His address was No. — Brunswick Square.

Leicester thanked his informant and departed. "Now for Brighton," he said to himself, and went off.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. MARKHAM was little dapper old gentleman, who, to judge by the way he bore his seventy years, had taken a new lease of life certainly whilst he had still health and vigor left him. He looked scarcely sixty-five, Avelyn thought, as the doctor received his handsome visitor that afternoon about three o'clock.

Leicester, courteously apologizing for calling, said it was on business connected with a former patient of the doctor's—one Mrs. Hargrave, to whose youngest daughter Geraldine he himself was engaged.

"Ah, indeed," nodded the old gentleman smiling. "She was a pretty child—the only one like her mother. She died of a chill, I remember; neglected it till it was too late, thought that nothing could assail such a superb constitution as hers."

Avelyn leaned forward with a quick-drawn breath of wild relief. She had been mistaken, fanciful, then.

"Then, doctor, you don't think that she had any organic weakness, such as, heart disease, active or incipent?"

The old doctor laughed outright.

"Heart disease! Good Lord, man, no—and I ought to know, for I knew her for years. She was as sound as a bell, body and brain. I never knew a more thoroughly healthy subject. The children were the same. What put such an idea into your head?"

Avelyn felt himself growing ashen pale, as he said steadily:

"Miss Hargrave—Delia—had stated that her mother on her death-bed confided to her (Delia) that she had in truth disease of the heart."

"What!" exclaimed the old doctor in an amusement that was comical. "Bless the man! why, Delia must have been joking—or cracked. Mrs. Hargrave never could possibly have said such bosh—never have fancied it. A very absurd, ill-timed jest of Delia's, Mr. Leicester."

Again that vague cold chill in Avelyn's veins. He shook his head.

"Not a jest, certainly, doctor, for it was told to Geraldine and two medical men on the death, within the last eighteen months, of Lucy and Agnes, both from heart disease."

Mr. Markman absolutely stared.

"Impossible! Heart disease in them! It's impossible, unless since I knew them those two have by some mad folly contracted the disease. Who were the doctors you speak of?"

"One was Mr. Forbes, of Malden Green, who attended both sisters; the other was a London physician sent for by Delia—a Dr. Barnes, of Glanville Place."

"Good Heavens! that duffer! Delia sent for him, you say? She knew well that I would not sell my practice to him, because he was so stupid that I told her once never to call him in if I were absent. His opinion, forsooth, was not worth as much even as the country doctor's. Delia must have known—did know this. It is very strange that she did not call in Dr. Percival, whose repute is wide-spread."

"Yes—strange," repeated Avelyn, with an odd tightening at his heart. "She might have saved them perhaps. I took such alarm the other day because Geraldine felt tired and languid—and her sisters had—that I took her to Dr. Percival, unknown to anybody. His dictum was, like yours, that she is entirely free from any taint whatsoever."

They talked the subject over a little more, and then Leicester took leave, after cordially thanking the old doctor for his kind reception of a stranger, and promising to bring Geraldine to see him when she was married.

Avelyn dined in Brighton, and did not reach his hotel in town till late, but the whole way his mind was full of all that had passed—all that he had seen or heard at the Hargraves'; and out of the darkened chaos that vaguely seemed about him, there came oddly persistent questions.

Why had Delia made so false a statement about Mrs. Hargrave? Why had she called in a physician whom she knew to be held in such poor account by his brethern? Had those questions one answer—deliberate purpose? and was that answer gradually assuming a dark shape that even in its shadowy dimness shook the man's soul right through; and would not be displaced by daylight, or the crowd and rush of London?

About eleven, Leicester called on his lawyers respecting his approaching marriage, as a new will must be prepared, and so forth. Then he gave some further instructions, the result of which was to be sent to him by hand at his hotel that evening.

And the lawyer's letter did arrive duly, about seven. Avelyn read:

"DEAR SIR.—Divested of legal diction, the substance of the will is simply this. The testator left to each of his four daughters, £6,000. If any of them die unmarried, her money goes in equal shares to the surviving sisters, the last survivor thus taking absolute possession of the whole fortune. But, if any of them marry, her portion becomes hers absolutely; also any share which should, before or after such marriage, accrue to her from a deceased sister. The furniture and plate are left to the eldest daughter, but all four sisters are residuary legatees in equal shares, the residue being (the will states) about £1,000. This is left absolutely as ready cash for immediate use.

"I am, yours faithfully,
"J. BROWNLOW."

The man, ashen pale now, folded the letter up. All the dim, vague uneasiness was taking shape in one hideous, awful suspicion—hideous enough indeed to shake the strongest. Great Heaven! and his darling was alone!

He started at once for Malden.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

THERE are many nice old gentlemen, and perhaps as many nice young gentlemen, who are always ready to praise times past. Nothing with them is so good as it was. There existed until lately, when it was killed by the weight of scientific proof, a party of men who declared that long ago men were bigger and finer, and altogether stronger than they are now; that there were giants in those days—not single giants, but a nation of giants; whereas, there existed no such thing. Our ordinary five foot eight man is altogether too well grown to go comfortably inside the largest of the suits of armor worn by the men of valor in the days of the Edwards and Henries. A combination of many circumstances has led to this, but it is chiefly to be attributed to good beef and good mutton.

This country is really an offshoot of Europe and particularly Great Britian. The same individual, whether he be Scotch, Irish, or English, is not unreasonably fond of his country, and is apt to brag about it, and exalt himself over others who are not so well off. This vaunting is not always seasonable, nor is it very graceful.

In the southern part of England, some hundred years ago, but not long enough to be forgotten, some of our ancestors, of good blood too, may have worn collars round their necks as Saxon thralls. It is true that North Britian was often overrun, but never held down; not because her people were braver than the southern men, as was often proved in battle, but simply because she was so poor that no invading army could well subsist. Famine killed many hundreds of persons every year.

The poor fellows on the Borders were so harried, both by south and north, that a belt of land, of many miles wide, was a debateable ground, a no man's land, over which travelers hastened in fear and trembling.

Those were no "good old times" for the weak and ailing; many a woman and child were lost on the moors, and perished in the cold, just as they would now perish in the steppes of Tartary or the Kasan.

Even the Baron's castle, with all the outside grandeur with which we associate it, was but a filthy, sorry place; men and women servants herding together; chambers, certainly, for the lord and the lady, but strewn with rushes, and hung with mouldy tapestry, which let in wind and damp, and shook and flapped in the constant draughts.

If the lower classes, by continued industry, aided by deep thinkers and inventors from the class just above them, have done good for themselves in these modern times, they have done much good to the lords. Living, if powerful, in constant fear of his jealous suzerain, subject to constant service in battle, with hardly any political duties, with the baron, to be powerful and conspicuous was to be in danger.

Poverty and meanness were his only safeguards. Few lived long, and few races ever lasted. The old nobility is almost a fiction. The Wars of the Roses destroyed most of them, and hereditary legislators date chiefly from George III.; but, apart from political evils, the social evils were so enormous that it is almost impossible to realize them.

Mercury and opium—two essential remedies—were undiscovered; the smallest ailments were fatal plagues, which slew whole peoples; vermin fed upon the living, for want of proper cleanliness and soap; scurvy ate them up, since the potato was unknown, the cabbage unimported and uncultivated; and woeful skin diseases made them swollen and discolored, until the very image of the Almighty seemed stamped and trodden out of man, till the horrid dreams of German painters of those ugly saints and distorted caricatures of man, seemed to walk in real flesh and bone about the world.

For the innocent, these times were hard enough; for the guilty, or those supposed to be so, they were much harder. To be arraigned was to be condemned. The counsel for the Crown was generally a blatant, loud-talking bully, who proved his loyalty and his fitness for his office by talking away the life of the accused, calling him the most frightful names, loading him with the most virulent abuse.

The judge did not then, as he does now, after the good example set by Chief-Justice Hale, and insisted on by Cromwell, weigh the evidence and give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt; he was mostly a creature of the Crown, who, if the alleged crime was political, would browbeat the unfortunate accused and bully the jury, and who, from the mere custom of the thing, carried out their practice into non-political matters.

When condemned, or indeed when accused, the very gates of the Inferno seemed to be opened to the prisoner. Surely over those dark portals should have been written the awful words "All hope abandon, ye who enter here!"

A madhouse, a Babel, with no slight dash of the plague-house, was a prison in the "good old times." Jail fever was always there; the prisoners were wan, wasted, ghastly wretches; and turnkeys and governors inhuman brutes, who had been perhaps prisoners themselves, and had been advanced to their loathsome occupation; whose hearts were callous and indurated; who, with a malicious feeling of the existence of which even good men who probe the human heart are aware, positively hated the poor wretches committed to their charge; who too often, for the reward called Blood Money, falsely sworn away their lives, if these were not before forfeited; and who, on the slightest pretence, chained them neck and heel, until the upright form of man grew like a bent hoop. Nature revenged herself savagely on these men, and on those who tried them. A stench and a plague came forth when they produced at the bar the unfortunates subjected to such tyrannies. The judge had need to smell his nosegay of sweet herbs, the counsel took to their vinegar and camphor, the jury had their box spread with thyme and marjoram; but all to no purpose. Judge, jury, and counsel were often smitten with the pest, and were carried home sick to their death-beds, struck down by the jail-fever.

AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER, Bilious Disorders, Sick Headache, &c., are thoroughly cured by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills. Acting as a general laxative, they remove all irritating and fecal matter from the bowels, gradually change the vitiated secretions of the stomach and liver, and restore these organs to a healthy condition.

Scientific and Useful.

BRASS.—Gold-dip brass: A thin decanted solution of shellac in methylic alcohol, colored with dragon-blood; add saffron, more or less of either to suit.

HEADLIGHTS.—Electrical headlights for locomotives will likely come into general use within a few years. The Southern Pacific Railroad has already equipped many of its engines with this new headlight.

ELECTRIC PROPULSION.—A new electrically-propelled carriage is being introduced by M. Pouchain, of Armentieries, France. The vehicle attains a speed of ten miles an hour.

INFECTIOUS DISEASES.—Children or persons suffering from diseases should never be allowed to touch or fondle domestic animals, as cats and dogs, as these are frequently the means by which contagion is carried to others.

TO CLEAN AND POLISH MARBLE.—Brush the marble and apply the following—a quarter of a pound of whiting, a quarter of a pound of soft soap, one ounce of washing soda. Rub over the marble and let it stand twenty-four hours, then wash off and polish with a piece of flannel. To remove stains, use a mixture of one ounce of ox-gall, one gill of lye, one and a half tablespoonful of turpentine, made into a paste with pipeclay. Apply as above. For oil-stains use perfectly dry clay saturated with benzine and applied over the spot and allowed to stay for some time.

SHOES.—Shoes for children should be selected with more regard for comfort than service. A good fit does not imply largeness. There should be an excess of sole leather in length, but sufficient snugness in the quarters to prevent slipping. The toes need, and must have room, but by having the heel, ankle and arch snugly dressed the foot gets support and power to resist fatigue. Athletes insist on these points in starting for a walk or race. Parents make a mistake in ordering wider when longer shoes are required; until they stop growing children need a half size longer every time they get a pair of shoes.

Farm and Garden.

CROPS.—It costs less to harvest a large crop than a smaller one in proportion to yield. There is travel to and from the field that must be paid for out of the crop, and the teams can be made to do better service when the yield is large. To reduce expenses aim to have a heavy yield.

PRICES.—Good prices cannot be obtained for inferior materials, but by sorting out the best, and feeding the inferior portions to stock, more money will be received for the selected portion than would be the case if the whole was marketed, as inferior articles injure the sale of the whole.

TIME AND MONEY.—Do not waste time and money trying to grow profitable crops from land whose first need is thorough draining. Save your money and put it into good tile properly laid, and in a few years it will be returned to you with compound interest. Farmers who have tried this know its truth.

FERTILITY.—The surest road to a fertile farm is by way of the barnyard and the manure therein. The farmer who ignores this and depends upon chemical fertilizers for the making of his crop is not wise. They will not answer for the main dependence, although they are often valuable for supplementing the home-made supply.

HELP.—It is a difficult matter to find farm help that will take as much interest in your success as you do in your own. Keep this in mind, remembering that it is only human nature and however good your hands may be, look after the details of your work in person. Unless you do this you will be very apt to find some things neglected.

CABBAGE.—To keep cabbage so as to have them convenient for use during the winter, a grower suggests as follows: Cut off the stalks and pack the heads in a clean barrel, filling in with dry, clean sawdust, as the cabbages are put in, until the barrel is full, leaving a good layer of sawdust on top. Set the barrel in the barn or under shelter, but not in a damp cellar. They may freeze, but it will do them no harm.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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Idle Dreaming.

Do not misunderstand us; we do not object to dreaming; it plays a much more important part in life than unimaginative people are aware of. Almost all great inventions have been worked out first in the privacy of thought, as waking dreams. The poet casts his lasting rhymes while pondering in solitude, or, as it might seem to a matter-of-fact spectator, in idleness. The novelist arranges his observations and constructs his pictures like the proverbial "castles in the air."

The great systems of philosophy, the generalizations that reduce the complexities of the natural world into a few understandable laws, are formulated in musings that look like dreams. Often the plans for personal advancement which carry a man ahead of his fellows are laid beforehand of set purpose, and are steadily followed up till they change from vision into fact.

Schemes of social and religious regeneration are concocted first of all by men who, brooding on the troubles of their fellows, grasp large and helpful principles and revolve them in their minds until enthusiasm is kindled and the quietly-conceived hope receives popular appreciation. But these are all fruitful, not idle dreams.

"Each age is a dream that is dying, or one that is coming to birth." We have no wish to minimize the value of ideals. There is however another side to fanciful thoughts about life and forecasts of what is to come which calls for a word of warning. There is a danger of living in dreams that are never likely to be realized, that do not influence life and character in the least, or influence them only in a wrong direction, that are no better than an excuse for escaping from the very work that might change the idle dream into facts.

If the young people who covet some lofty position would think by what means people who are in that position would have reached it, and how it is they continue to hold it with growing honor, they will find that it is because they have prepared themselves by accumulating a wide experience. If it were not so, they would soon be found out, should they by chance have slipped into a false position.

The doctor knows by a rapid reference to his previous cases what is the trouble of his present patient. The barrister must be as full of precedent as of new and timely wiles if he is to circumvent his opponent. The captain can never be safe through theoretical knowledge alone. The journalist must always be alert, fresh, and yet possible, and he can succeed in this all-round way only through his perception being trained until it has become instinctive. But the hasty young man who dreams of wonderful transformation-scenes in his life, must get the essential experience by an apprenticeship to hard work.

Vague dreams are worse than valueless; they carry the mind away from the duties that lie near at hand, through which alone the distant honors may be approached. Besides, nobody knows whether a man is at all fitted for a particular sort of work until he has been tested by doing similar work of a preparatory kind.

To the thousands who are fretting and discontented because they are not now engaged upon the occupation in which they believe they would shine, we would say, "You do not know whether you would succeed if your wishes could be granted and if you had a chance of gratifying your fancy. There is only one way of finding out, and that is by working steadily in the direction to which your ambition points, but without wasting time on idly distant prospects."

Many a half-educated youth is dreaming about filling a position that is open only to educated—possibly to specially-educated—men. It would be quite as profitable to cry for the moon. The first is to get the indispensable equipment of education; by the time that is attained other avenues of usefulness, more natural than the first whim, will probably be opened up. Wishing yourself at your destination is a poor substitute for setting off.

One of the most excusable but useless forms of idle dreaming is seen in the visions that fond parents have of the future of their children. We could not bear to have it otherwise. Of course the sturdy lads and sweet girls will come to good. Some must fall away—but not ours. The way would be left too dark for traveling if the awful fear of strayed children brooded over it.

No one will venture the faintest censure on the good folk who hope for the best so far as their boys and girls are concerned; but, when the pictures drawn beforehand are too bright, and the heart grows proud of deeds that have yet to be done, one cannot but feel that the parents, in their excess of hopefulness and expectation, are preparing disappointments for themselves.

How can the young folk whose characters are not yet set any more than their limbs and features, whose powers are yet undeveloped, be reasonably booked so long beforehand for all the glories that the parental eye foresees? It is not fair to them to expect that they will be handsome as well as good, clever as well as straightforward, plodding as well as bright.

How many an ambitious mother has seen a coach-and-pair in her little daughter's pure sweet eyes! And the sturdy little chap here in short frocks—his father has already mapped out his career for him and has determined upon a most wise course of training.

Idle dreams! We will not think of the haps that may betide the little wayfarer; but, if he escapes them all, how know we that he will fit the career so thoughtfully planned for him? If he fails, we shall be sorely disappointed, and the fault may not be his.

Then there are the idle dreams of social advancement which sterilize the lives of a few in each small community. Instead of living naturally according to their circumstances and surroundings, they become possessed by the thought that their affinities are with finer folk. To hold up their head with the best becomes an ambition, and as soon as it is pursued anxiously it defeats its own end. The society mania, with its foolish dreams of distinction, sometimes affects people to such a degree that they actually believe they are what they are not.

Poor and proud people will spend their days valiantly trying to live in unsullied gentility; whereas, if they were not dreaming, they would know that their pretensions were unrecognized by all around them, and that they were handicapped by an unreal aim. Or, take as another example the people who live upon fancies rather than facts.

How often we hear people discussing what they would do if they had money, how generous and philanthropic they would be; and meantime they are not showing the qualities they admire! In all these loose thoughts of future gains, whether they are fostered by the indolently ambitious youth, or the maiden with high-pitched expectation, or the parent lovingly weaving fairy fortunes for the child, or the aspirant greedy for social consideration, there is one common note of failure—the "living present" is neglected, and the dreamer forgets that what he is now he would still be however much his surroundings might change. If he cannot distinguish himself here, he cannot there—in fact, the capacity to do well now is the warrant for trying to do well under promotion.

The idle dreamer fights as one beating the air. Thought is barren till it is transmitted into deed. We would not narrow the bounds of the pleasant world of fancy into which we can retire for rest and refreshment when work becomes tiresome, but it is not a world in which we can permanently live.

Fancy, too, ought to feed on objects outside ourselves; otherwise it leads to egotism and listlessness, and our dreaming becomes idle and barren. The dreamers lead the van of human progress as pioneers; but there is a kind of ineffectual dreamer who brings up the rear.

THE first step which a man takes in the direction of his own overthrow is not to do some overt act of evil. A boat that lies on the water's edge does not begin to wreck itself by thrusting itself out abruptly into the current; it begins by lying on the beach and letting the current play with it. If it is chained to the rock, no harm can come to it; mischief begins when it half lies on the beach and half floats on the water. The trouble with people is that they are drifting. They are the chip on the wave instead of the watch-tower on the shore.

CULTURE, in opposition alike to egoism and egotism, quickens and extends both intelligence and sensibility, and thus yields a refinement which carefully subordinates all merely personal attributes, sectarian prejudices, or partisan considerations to public interests, general principles, the acknowledged standards of the company in which one finds himself. This is what distinguishes the universal code of politeness from the individual code of vulgarity.

THERE are numerous ways in which business must be watched. One must love the business one is engaged in, and seek to make it all that it should be. The mark of excellence cannot be placed too high. Reward for his labors is sure to come to the diligent man, and that was well known in the time of Solomon, who said, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

NOT only does straightforward criticism serve the cause of truth and justice by revealing the reality, instead of a distorted conception of it, it also puts into the hands of the speaker an influence for good which can be gained in no other way.

LIFE is a mission. Every other definition of life is false, and leads all who accept it astray. Religion, science, philosophy, though still at variance upon many points, all agree in this—that every existence is an aim.

DO NOT think it wasted time to submit yourself to any influence which may bring upon you any noble feeling.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

ROVER.—It is a mistake to suppose that polar research has cost enormously in human life. Despite all the great disasters, 97 out of every 100 explorers have returned alive.

W. M.—William Gordenio was the first person, it is said, upon whom the title of doctor of medicine was bestowed. He received it from the College of Asti, Italy, in 1329.

BEN J.—The Bank of England note is about five by eight inches in dimensions, and is printed in black ink, on Irish linen, water-lined paper, plain white and with ragged edges.

PHYLIS.—Very gently heat the neck of the bottle over a gas burner. When it is warmed through, and before the heat has touched the cork, the latter may be extracted.

P. L.—Diamonds perfectly free of color are said to be of the first water, and most valued. Those of a slight rose tint are valued highly, and next to those green tinted stones are considered the best.

ELWALL.—The word "tragedy" comes from a Greek word which means "a goat song," because the oldest tragedies were exhibited when a goat was sacrificed, or given as a prize to the best actor.

D. O. T.—A great deal of the furniture called ebony is made of cherry-wood dyed black. Black ebony is brought chiefly from Ceylon. The ebony is only the core or heart of the tree, the outer wood being light-colored and soft.

R. Y.—Fishes that live in deep water, where much light does not penetrate, are mostly dull in color, while those that inhabit shallow waters are generally of the brightest colors, due, it is said, to the light which reaches them through the water.

B F.—The following twelve—the number requested—are ranked among the most celebrated women of the world: Aspasia, Cleopatra, Cornelia, Elizabeth, Helen, Mary, Queen of Scots, Madame de Maintenon, Marie Antoinette, Madame Recamier, Semiramis, Madame de Stael, Zenobia.

GRACE.—It is not thought that Joseph Smith did write the "Book of Mormon," but only altered a manuscript written by the preacher of an obscure sect, named Spaulding, in 1809, of which he had, by some means, got a copy. Mormon theology is a medley borrowed from many sources besides Christianity.

R. D. V.—A strict construction of the laws of etiquette does not allow a gentleman to present gifts of value to a lady who is not a relative or his fiancee; but in the case you mention you might give the young lady a nice book, say, a copy of Moore's, Tennyson's, Whittier's, Longfellow's or Lowell's poems, or some of Sir Walter Scott's, Bulwer's or Thackeray's novels.

BRIGHTON.—Nazareth is a village. It is in Palestine, sixty-five miles north of Jerusalem, and is in the modern eyalet, or district, of Beyroot. It is situated in a little valley a mile long and a quarter-of-a-mile wide. It has a population of about five thousand, about one-fourth of whom belong to the Greek Church and the rest of whom are Moslems, Roman Catholics, Protestants and Maronites.

DATES.—February has five Sundays in a regular order every 400 years—three times with intervals of 28 years each, then one after 40 years, two after 28 years each, one after 40, then three after 28 years each. During the present 400 years the following have five Sundays in February—1804, 1832, 1860, 1888, 1728, 1756, 1784, 1824, 1852, 1880, 1920, 1948, 1976, 2004; the year must be a leap year and Thursday be 1st of January.

N. H. C.—The steamships Sirius and Great Western arrived at New York on April 23, 1838, the first from Cork, and the latter from Bristol. The Sirius arrived first, and had the honor of being the first ocean steamship to arrive in New York; but the credit of being the first steam vessel to cross the Atlantic is due to the Savannah, which was built in New York in 1818. From there she proceeded to Savannah, Georgia, where she arrived April 1819. From there (May 25) she steamed for Liverpool, which she reached on June 20.

CERITE.—Christopher Newport was one of the founders of the colony at Jamestown, Va. He commanded the three vessels which carried out in 1606 the first settlers of that colony, and was one of the council appointed by the king for governing the provinces. In 1608, after a brief visit to England, he returned with supplies and 120 emigrants, chiefly goldsmiths and "gentlemen," who were sent away by their friends, was said, "to escape ill destinies." Some yellow mica having been discovered near the present site of Richmond, Newport filled his vessel with it, thinking it was gold, and carried it to England. He subsequently returned to Virginia, after experiencing shipwreck and other hardships.

ROSINA.—Pins are made of brass wire, and pass through fourteen processes before they are ready for sale. First, the wire has to be perfectly straight, and cut into pieces long enough to make three or four pins. This is done by machinery which works so rapidly that one man can straighten and cut wire enough in one day to make two hundred thousand pins. Then the wires have to be cut into proper lengths, pointed, headed, whitened, polished and put in papers; all of which things are done by ingenious machinery that enables one man to do more than a thousand could do without machinery. Even the holes in the papers are pricked by machinery. In sticking the pins into the papers children are employed, who get such a knack at it that each of them can stick three thousand in an hour, or fifty in a minute.

THE BIRDS AND BEES.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

I think the bees, the blessed bees,
Are better, wiser far than we,
The very wild birds in the trees
Are wiser, far, it seems to me;
For love and light and sun and air
Are theirs, and not a bit of care.

What bird makes claim to all God's trees?
What bee makes claim to all God's flowers?
Behold their perfect harmonies,
Their common board, the common hours!
Say, why should man be less than these,
The happy birds, the hoarding bees?

A Girl-Graduate.

BY ELLIS PEYTON.

"I WISH those girls would make haste home from church!" said Mrs. Templeton, as she fidgeted round the dining-table and rearranged the winter foliage in the central epergne for at least the fourth time. "It's ten minutes to the half-hour now. I can't think what makes them so late."

"Perhaps Mr. O'Blareaway has been extraordinarily eloquent this morning," replied Mrs. Templeton's step-son, who, lolling in a capacious arm-chair, with one foot extended on an old-fashioned leg-rest, now looked up from his book.

"More likely they have walked home with the Stanleys," returned Mrs. Templeton rather irritably. "Just as though there was a day in the week when they did not see each other!"

"I dare say they have, if Lascelles is with them," said Frank carelessly, as, with some difficulty, he shifted his sprained ankle to an easier position. "How would you like May Stanley for a daughter-in-law, mother?" he added teasingly.

"I don't suppose Lascelles will consult me as to his future wife, Frank," replied Mrs. Templeton, a flush mounting to her kind plain face. "All the same, I should like to see some of you settled."

"We're happy enough as we are, mother," replied Francis Templeton—"at least," he continued, yawning lazily, "I know I am, and likely to be for many a long day to come."

Mrs. Templeton sighed. She had spoken truly when she said she would like to see some of her charges married. Since her husband's death she had not found her position as guardian of his children altogether a bed of roses.

Not but that Vera and Doris, her two dashing step-daughters, were, as a rule, courteous and respectful to her, but the conscientious lady was compelled to acknowledge that, since they had grown up to womanhood, her influence over them had become "fine by degrees and beautifully less." She could not understand the desperate and hitherto fruitless flirtations in which the girls indulged.

Anne Grey had almost reached middle-age when, wearied by years of teaching, she accepted Mrs. Templeton's offer to share his home and become a second mother to his children.

There was no pretence of love on either side; but, as the few years their married life lasted rolled on towards their close, mutual respect deepened into affection, and the tears Mrs. Templeton shed when she donned her widow's garb were as sincere as those of many a young bride who mourns the lover of her youth.

Of her step-children, Francis, twin-brother to Lascelles and as unlike him in disposition as he was in form and feature, was her favorite.

Between Lascelles, the elder twin, and Mrs. Templeton there existed what might be termed an armed neutrality. To her somewhat rigid notions the young man's noisy ways and late hours were a constant source of annoyance.

Furthermore, not all the worthy lady's remonstrances could prevent Lascelles from smoking in the drawing-room at unseasonable times—an unpardonable sin in the eyes of so good a housewife.

Mrs. Templeton really longed for the time when the males of her family would find homes of their own. To a certain extent she depended upon them; but she would gladly have given up the pecuniary advantage she derived from their residence with her and retired on her comparatively small income to some seaside village.

"Here are the laggards, mother!" said Francis, who had pulled aside the curtain of the deep bay-window at which he sat.

A few minutes afterwards the girls came rustling down and seated themselves at the table.

"I say, Francis," began Lascelles, before the last words of the grace were well out of Mrs. Templeton's mouth, "you missed a treat to-day!"

"What—Mr. O'Blareaway's discourse?" said Francis.

"Oh, yes, rather!" laughed Lascelles. "I believe he looks on me as the black sheep of that eminently respectable congregation, and pitches his yarns at me accordingly!"

"My dear Lascelles," interrupted Mrs. Templeton nervously, "pray do not use such expressions!"

"All right, ma'am!" replies Lascelles carelessly. "I am an unregenerate heathen, I know; but I can tell a pretty girl when I see one. There a scrumptious piece of goods in the Courtenays' cattle-pen!"

"Lascelles," exclaimed Mrs. Templeton, "pray do not annoy me in such a manner!"

"Oh, well, pew, then!" said Lascelles impatiently. "I wish you wouldn't be always hauling a fellow over the coals!"

"Draw it mild, Lal!" interposed Vera maliciously; and Mrs. Templeton, with a look of unutterable woe at Lascelles, subsided into silence for the next few minutes.

"But wasn't she pretty, Doris?" went on the irrepressible Lascelles.

"Which one—the fair one or the dark one?"

"Not much need to ask that," said Vera contemptuously. "The fair girl was plain enough, goodness knows!"

"And wore spectacles, too," chimed in Doris.

"By which I understand," interposed Francis, "that two strange young ladies sat in Mrs. Courtenay's pew?"

"You've hit it," said Lascelles—"two girls, and the the dark one a regular one-er! I wonder who they are! If the old lady had been at church, I should have gone and got an introduction."

"Mrs. Courtenay had a bad account of poor Will yesterday from Mentone," said Mrs. Templeton. "I expect, as usual, it has upset her very much. Poor woman, what a trouble her sons have been to her!"

"But who can those girls be?" persisted Lascelles. "They must be either visitors or relatives, for the carriage was waiting for them."

"I know," cried Doris eagerly; "they are those two nieces of Mrs. Courtenay's about whom she speaks sometimes. Their father has been ordered out to India, and I know they were coming to stay with their aunt for some months."

"Oh, yes, I remember now!" said Mrs. Templeton. "They are Mrs. Courtenay's brothers' daughters—not sisters to each other, but cousins."

"Throw a bit of light on the subject," said Lascelles. "If they are Mrs. Courtenay's nieces, how can they be anything else than sisters?"

"They didn't look much like sisters, anyhow," said Doris.

"Because," replied Mrs. Templeton, with dignity, rejoicing at having an opportunity to put Lascelles down, "Mrs. Courtenay had two brothers, Richard and Digby; and Richard was killed in Afghanistan. The shock of his death killed his poor wife as well; she died a month after she heard of it, leaving a little girl about two years old. Richard left very little behind him besides the child, and Digby and his wife adopted her, poor little thing, and brought her up with their own daughter. They came home from India some years ago, and since Mrs. Digby's death the girls have been educated at some college in London. Now, I expect, Digby Maitland does not want to take them out to India again, especially as he has lost his wife, and they have come to stay with their aunt."

"One of them is awfully clever," said Doris. "She's a Bachelor of Arts, or something or other."

"Oh, bother that!" cried Lascelles. "I hate clever girls!"

"Well, I don't expect a clever girl would take to you," said Doris. "Sour grapes, Lal!"

"But," put in Francis; anxious to avert the usual squabble, "which of the Misses Maitland is the clever one?"

"That's quite plain," said Vera scornfully—"the one with spectacles, of course—a little insignificant freckled thing!"

"Y-e-s," drawled Lascelles, tilting his chair back as far as possible without risk of its toppling over, "I guess you're about right. That dark beauty and Latin and Greek wouldn't go well together."

"Digby's daughter will be rich, too," went on Mrs. Templeton. "All her mother's property will come to her. If she takes after his mother, she is a handsome girl. Mrs. Digby Courtenay was a lovely woman."

"I shall stick up to her if I get the chance," said Lascelles, who had just income enough to keep him in idleness with sundry dogs and a horse. "I can't afford to marry lowly worth."

Even Mrs. Templeton joined in the general laugh at the conceit of Lascelles.

"You can look after the plain one, Francis," the young man resumed; "she would just suit a humdrum fellow like you. I say, Doris, if you see those girls the next time you call on Mrs. Courtenay, just say what an extra-jolly brother you have at home—mild, amiable, and accustomed to ladies; can ride straighter to hounds than any man in the county; first-rate at tennis, amateur theatricals, and the banjo——"

"I dare say you'll have the opportunity of blowing your own trumpet, Lal," interrupted Vera. "I'm sure you don't require any one to do it for you!"

Dessert being on the table, Lascelles unceremoniously produced a cigar, and Mrs. Templeton retired to the drawing-room for her Sunday-afternoon nap.

"You are not going to church again to-night, Lascelles?" said Doris, surprised to see the young man put in an appearance in the hall as she and Vera were preparing to start out for evening service—Lascelles was not in the habit of going to church twice on Sundays.

"Why not?" said Lascelles carelessly. "Do you think no one else but yourself admires the new curate?"

Doris reddened, but returned no answer.

Scarcely had the door closed on the three when Mrs. Templeton, who rarely ventured out on winter evenings, and who had settled herself comfortably for a talk with Francis, was aroused by the sound of a carriage drawing up at the gate, and immediately afterwards Mrs. Courtenay was announced.

Mrs. Templeton went forward to greet his visitor, a handsome graceful woman of fifty or thereabouts.

"I am sure, dear Mrs. Templeton," she said, vainly struggling to repress her agitation, "will excuse my calling in so unceremonious a manner; but I am so dreadfully worried——"

"If we can be of assistance in any way," interrupted Mrs. Templeton, "pray do not hesitate to make use of us. We heard that poor Will was not so well last week."

"Not only that," said Mrs. Courtenay—"the poor fellow has taken scarlet fever in addition to his other troubles. A telegram came from his wife this afternoon begging me to go to them. You see, it is so very unfortunate! Only yesterday my nieces, Ethelwyn and Nelly, came from London to stay with me for some months—at least, while Digby is in Calcutta. I cannot take them with me to Mentone on account of the infection. I feel I must go to poor Will and I don't like to leave the two girls alone in the house;" and Mrs. Courtenay began to cry.

"Why not let the young ladies came and stay with us?" said Mr. Templeton, sorry for Mrs. Courtenay's evident distress.

"Oh, if you only would," cried Mrs. Courtenay eagerly, "I should feel for ever indebted to you! I think they would like to see me off to-morrow, and then, dear Mrs. Templeton, they could come over to you. They are very sweet girls, both of them!"

"One, I hear, is very clever—quite a blue-stocking," put in Francis slyly.

"You would not think poor Dick's daughter was clever, to look at her," returned Mrs. Courtenay, who scarcely approved of women being educated in other than domestic matters, "for she is the most charming unaffected girl in the world. I am so sorry to have to leave them!"

"We will make them happy enough," said Mrs. Templeton. "It is a pity it is too cold for tennis, but there will be plenty of skating—and other amusements," she added considerably, seeing that Francis was regarding his sprained ankle with a rather rueful air.

"I am afraid Ethelwyn is too timid to skate," replied Mrs. Courtenay reflectively, as she rose to go; and, once more warmly expressing her thanks, she took her leave.

"Well, we know something, at all events," said Francis. "'Ethelwyn' is the name of the clever one. I say, mother, you will have your hands full for a week or two!"

"In the circumstances one couldn't do less than ask the girls," replied Mrs. Templeton; "and I am sure they are heartily welcome. I really hope Will Courtenay will recover! And, Francis, do impress on Lascelles not to use such dreadful slang while the Misses Maitland are here!"

"Lascelles is all right, mother," replied Francis, laughing; "he does it more to tease you than anything else."

"And that is precisely what he ought not to do," replied Mrs. Templeton, in an aggrieved tone. "I hope your ankle will soon get right, Francis," she added, "or you will miss all the skating."

"There is such a thing as a sleigh, though," returned Francis. "Perhaps, as the learned young lady is too timid to trust herself on her foot on the ice, she may console poor me."

"Now, Francis," said Mrs. Templeton, rushing to a conclusion, "it will be just like you to fall in love with a penniless girl; and I know Richard Maitland's daughter is entirely without fortune. My dear boy, I warn you beforehand that you must not think of marrying on less than five hundred a year!"

"And that income I am as likely to have as the moon," replied Francis, who was clerk in a bank, with a salary of two hundred a year. "But I am not likely to think of marrying just yet. Besides, you all agree that I am cut out for an old bachelor. I wonder what Lascelles will say when he hears the news?"

Then inequality in the worldly position of her step-sons was a sore subject with Mrs. Templeton. Francis, who was immeasurably her favorite, had little besides his salary, while Lascelles, at the age of twenty-three, had come into an unexpected windfall from an uncle who had died in the West Indies, leaving him a life-interest in a sum that produced an annual income of three hundred pounds. This unexpected addition to Lascelles' means had no good influence on the young man, who gave up his medical studies and went in for sport.

Lascelles looked very much disappointed when he returned from church with Vera and Doris.

"It just serves Lal right!" cried Doris, as they entered the drawing-room. "The Courtenay's pew was empty, and he did not see his divinity, after all!"

"Just so," grumbled Lascelles; "and we had the most awful old drone of a preacher I ever heard! At least, I didn't hear much, for I went to sleep."

"I thought," said Doris, "that the Courtenays' carriage passed us on our way to church."

"So it did," said Francis, nodding with an air of much mystery. "You missed something, all of you! While you were pursuing your devotions, we entertained an angel unawares, and shall entertain more angels to-morrow."

"What," cried Doris and Vera, in chorus—"has the divinity been here?"

"No," said Francis; "but Mrs. Courtenay has. Will Courtenay is ill with fever at Mentone, and she is going to nurse him; and the Misses Maitland are coming to stay here for an indefinite period."

"So perhaps Lascelles will marry the heiress, after all!" cried Doris, clapping her hands. "And then, when he is settled, we can go and stay with him in London, and have a box at the Opera and see everything there is to be seen!"

"Considering that you don't even know the young lady's name," said Francis rather irritably, "the contingency seems at least remote."

"I know the initial of the blue-stocking is 'E,'" said Vera, "for I saw her name among the girls who had passed as Bachelors of Arts—'E. Maitland.'"

"Yes," said Francis—"her name's 'Ethelwyn.' Mrs. Courtenay said——"

"I hope," interrupted Mrs. Templeton, who had entered the room while Vera was speaking, "that you will be equally courteous to both. I shall be exceedingly vexed if I find one of them made much of simply because she has two or three hundred a year, and the one who has to depend on her learning for an income neglected."

The next afternoon, Vera and Lascelles having walked over to the Courtenays' for the purpose of bringing the Misses Maitland back with them, Doris was in a state of eager expectation.

"Here they are, Francis!" she cried excitedly, as she went to the window for the twentieth time. They have all come together in the Courtenays' carriage. Good gracious, what a pile of luggage—three imperials, two Gladstones, and a tin trunk! Well, if the blue-stocking isn't a prig!"

"What's the matter?" said Francis, hopping up behind his sister to obtain a view of the visitors over her shoulder.

"Why, she has actually a mortar-board on, a cloak made just like a Bachelor's gown! She means to let people know she is clever, anyhow!"

Vera was coming up the walk with a

short pale girl dressed in a black cloak that resembled an academic gown and a black velvet college cap. Lascelles followed, accompanied by a young lady whose beauty was of no mean order. Black-haired and blue-eyed, with a complexion of clear pink and white, her loveliness was set off by a rich sealskin paletot—surmounted by a Hussar cap of the same material—reaching nearly to the bottom of her dress. She was chattering merrily to Lascelles as the party mounted the portico steps, where Mrs. Templeton stood ready to receive her guests.

"Welcome, my dear!" she said, as she kissed them both affectionately, and then led the way to the dining-room, where a roaring fire seemed to constitute a welcome of itself. "I hope you will stay with us for many a long day to come! This is my other son, Francis"—she invariably spoke of Mr. Templeton's family as though they were her own—"and this is Doris, the youngest of all."

"I am sure we shall be very good friends," said the tall girl with a smile that revealed a set of pearly teeth and made Lascelles vow inwardly that she was the jolliest girl he had ever seen, as she shook hands warmly with Doris and bowed to Francis. "I suppose we must introduce ourselves. I am Nelly, and my cousin is Ethelwyn."

Ethelwyn, whose slight figure was almost hidden behind that of her tall and handsome cousin, now came forward; and Francis saw a small hand laid in his, while a pair of dark gray eyes glanced somewhat shyly at him through a pair of spectacles.

"She doesn't look a bit like a blue stocking," thought the young man, as he bowed and pressed the proffered hand.

"We feel rather like taking you by storm," said Nelly, laughing. "We have often heard how hospitable Birmingham people are; but a week ago we little thought to have such a practical proof of it."

"No," said Ethelwyn, her plain face lighting up with a smile—"the Tudor poets lecture occupied all the attention—didn't it?"

"Don't talk 'shop,' 'Ethel!'" said Nelly. "Let the Tudor poets rest in peace for a while;" and, keeping up an incessant flow of talk with Vera, Nelly followed Mrs. Templeton up-stairs, Ethelwyn walking a little behind the others.

"I'm glad she told her not to talk 'shop,'" said Doris to Lascelles. "Just fancy, beginning to air her learning before she has been in the house ten minutes!

When Ethelwyn came down to dinner at six o'clock, in her simple navy-blue gown, relieved only by a winter rose stuck in her belt, she looked much prettier than she had looked in her hat and cloak. Still, compared with her cousin, she was almost plain. Yet Francis soon observed that her eyes, although seen through a pair of spectacles, were large and expressive.

The evening passed pleasantly. Lascelles kept a firm restraint on his slang; and, as neither of the strangers was troubled with shyness and both had a perfect budget of good-natured tales to tell about London people and London ways, Mrs. Templeton was quite radiant.

"Yes," said Doris, in reply to some remark of Ethelwyn's; "but we knew you were Ethelwyn before your cousin told us."

"Indeed!" said Nelly. "How?"

"Why, we knew that Miss E. Maitland was a Bachelor of Arts; and 'E' stands for 'Ethelwyn'—doesn't it? So, when we saw a young lady with a mortar-board on, of course we knew which was Ethelwyn. Did you feel very nervous when you lectured on the Tudor poets?" She continued mischievously, addressing Ethelwyn.

"Oh, dear, no—not at all!" replied Ethelwyn, smiling demurely, while her eyes twinkled. Evidently there was a joke somewhere, for Francis saw a look of intelligence pass between the cousins.

"Conceited thing!" exclaimed Vera to herself.

Lascelles devoted himself to Nelly, who did not seem at all disposal to reject his attention; and, befor the evening was over, the young man congratulated himself on having, at any rate, made a good beginning.

"Is your foot very painful?" said Ethel to Francis, as, leaving the others, she took a low chair and sat down beside his sofa.

Francis thought he had never seen such kind gray eyes before, and he flushed a little as he answered—

"Not very, thank you. I must seem an awful duffer to have to coddle myself up like this; but, as there is nothing for it but patience and rest, all I can do is to grin and bear it. I am afraid I sha'n't get any skating, for I don't expect the frost will hold much longer."

"I never learned to skate," said Ethel. "I am too much of a coward to risk the 'croppers' I have seen people experience when learning. Nelly skates splendidly, and she is A 1 at lawn-tennis and archery. As for me, I am ignominiously beaten at all outdoor games."

"I suppose" said Francis, "you prefer to study?"

"Indeed I don't!" replied Ethel. "I prefer a good novel to anything, except the Opera. Have you seen Minnie Hauk in Carmen?"

Francis was forced to confess that he had never seen an opera on a London stage; and, Nelly just then was heard requesting Ethelwyn to play.

"She plays splendidly!" she confided to Vera; and, so Ethelwyn, seating herself at the piano, began Mendelssohn's "Rivulet," and played it at a rate that fairly took Doris' breath away, and without faltering or missing a note, Vera turned pale with envy, and bit her lip in vexation, while the liquid music kept the listeners silent.

"You are not troubled with nervousness," she said, politely malicious, as Ethel rose from the music-stool.

"No. I feel at home at the piano," replied Ethel simply. "It's the only thing I can do well."

"Fishing for a compliment!" whispered Vera to Lascelles, who was standing by.

The words were distinctly heard by Francis, and, judging from Ethel's flushed face as she returned to her seat, she had heard them too.

"You are the only amateur I ever heard whose playing of the 'Rivulet' was worth hearing," said Francis warmly.

Ethelwyn looked pleased. The compliment was evidently sincere, and the shade of annoyance caused by Vera's remark died away.

"How very beautiful your cousin is!" remarked Francis, as he watched Nelly's animated face.

"Isn't she?" returned Ethel eagerly. "I should think few people are so richly endowed as she is. We went to a fancy-dress ball about a month ago, and Nelly was dressed as Portia. Do you know, she had not been ten minutes in the room before her programme was filled. Oh, she did look so stately and magnificent in her lawyer's gown—just as one could imagine Portia to be."

"And what dress did you wear?"

"I? Why, I went as a 'sweet girl-graduate,' and wore my mortar-board. And"—confidentially—"hardly any one asked me to dance."

"That showed their bad taste," observed Francis gallantly.

"I didn't mind a bit!" said Ethel, laughing. "I think some of the gentlemen put me down as a 'blue,' and imagined that I should speak to them in the dead languages. Just look how Nelly is making your brother laugh!"

* * * * * *

As time wore away and Mrs. Courtenay remained at Mentone nursing her son through a tedious convalescence, the Templetons' house became a very pleasant one, and, much as they admired Nelly Maitland, both Doris and Vera were compelled to acknowledge that Ethelwyn was by no means such a "prig" as they had imagined; yet, when the subject of her attainments was mentioned, she always smiled in a manner that was particularly irritating to the two girls.

Nelly came in for the lion's share of attention from all except Francis, whose natural chivalry inclined him to prefer the company of Ethel. He could not fail to notice that, while Nelly's wishes were always deferred to, Ethelwyn was seldom consulted about any arrangements that were to be made, and occasionally some pert remark of Doris' would bring a shade of self-conscious color to her pale cheeks, while she drew Vera's contempt upon herself by refusing to attempt to skate. Even Nelly's and Lascelles' performances on the smooth ice of the New Pool failed to excite her to emulate their graceful movements; and Francis, who had recovered from his sprain with a rapidity which Vera sneeringly declared was suspicious, seemed never so happy as when he was propelling "the Bachelor," as the girls had nicknamed Ethel, along the ice.

"I think I never enjoyed a visit so much as I have enjoyed this!" said Ethel simply, as they left the ice one afternoon, while Nelly and Lascelles were still skating. "I think, from what I have seen, all the Birmingham people are most kind-hearted."

"I am glad we have pleased you," replied Francis heartily. "And, if all London girls are like you, I do not wonder people are so fond of going there! Do you know, until I had the pleasure of your acquaintance, I was under the impression that clever girls were stiff and awfully hard to get along with."

"And what is your opinion now?" said Ethel, with a merry twinkle in her eyes.

"I think they are most charming!" replied the young man; and his eyes met Ethel's with a look of such genuine admiration that she turned crimson. She laughed notwithstanding, and Francis wondered what he had said to provoke her mirth.

"Well, you see," she said gaily, "how unwise it is to form opinions beforehand. Look," Ethel added, as she turned to gaze again at the skaters, whom the gathering shades of the winter evening were dispersing in the direction of the various suburban roads—"there are Doris and Vera, and I think I can distinguish Nelly and Lascelles! Shall we wait for them?"

Francis assented with something like a sigh. He had counted on a walk home alone with Ethel, and it was with some unwillingness that he turned with her to retrace his steps. He was wondering at the moment who would be fortunate enough to win the genuine single-minded girl; and, at the thought of her marrying, a pang of something closely akin to jealousy shot through his breast.

* * * * * *

"I say, young ladies," said Lascelles one morning at breakfast, "I have had a business communication of vast importance."

"Tell us what it is, then," said Doris.

"It's nothing that concerns the curate," replied Lascelles, making Doris flush angrily; "he's above the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. But I won't keep you in suspense any longer. There are one or two tickets still left for the ball at the Masonic Hall—so Jack Reeves, who is one of the stewards, told me last night. Now would any of you like to go? Because an early application is requested. What do you say, mother?"

"Please yourselves, my dears," replied Mrs. Templeton, glad to hail a remote chance of Vera or Doris meeting their affinity at a dance. "I am quite ready to chaperon Nelly and Ethel, if they think they need it."

"Do you think a young lady with a university degree requires chaperoning?" said Nelly, with a mischievous side-glance at Ethelwyn.

"I think it would be best," replied Mrs. Templeton, who could never see a joke "You know I shall have to give account of you to Mrs. Courtenay when she returns."

"Well, then," replied Nelly, laughing, "since Mr. Lascelles is so kind—— What do you think, Ethel?"

"I should like to go very much indeed," said Ethelwyn, who did not seem particularly enthusiastic about the matter.

"I suppose," remarked Lascelles to Nelly the same evening, "your learned cousin despises dancing?"

"Ethel despises nothing," replied Nelly shortly; "she is too genuinely good-natured."

"Nelly," said Lascelles, "tell me frankly—don't you think the ladies are coming it too strong?"

"How do you mean?" asked Nelly.

"As regards woman's rights, and going in for surgery and all that sort of thing.

"Don't you think it takes all the charm out of a girl when she knows Euclid and all that stuff? Now there's your cousin——"

"Well?" broke in Nelly sharply.

"Well—er—er," stammered Lascelles, taken aback by Nelly's unwonted asperity and scrutinizing glance, "of course Miss Ethel is very nice and all that; but—er—somehow—— Well—ere—any one can see, you know, that she's awfully 'blue.'"

"And has no charm?" said Miss Maitland pointedly.

Just at that moment Ethel glanced up, smiling at some sally of Francis', and Nelly at least was not the only one who thought there was a very decided charm in the fair face.

"Mr. Lascelles," she continued seriously, "you must not say a word against Ethel. It's a case of 'love me, love my cousin,'"

"I do love you, and no mistake!" blurted out Lascelles, and then blushed and became helplessly mute as Nelly's eyes, full of fun, met his.

"That is imagination on your part," she said coolly, as, rising, she went across the room to where Mrs. Templeton was sitting and invited her to a game of cribbage.

Lascelles had spoken truly. He had plunged into a flirtation with Nelly simply on account of her reputed income; but in a very short time he found that he had been playing with edged tools.

"Something," declared Doris to Vera, "has improved Lascelles mightily. He is toning down into a refinement that contrasts strongly with her former demeanor."

"What won't the prospect of a wife with money do for a man?" sneered Vera: and Doris, annoyed, did not pursue the subject.

At the ball Nelly at least had no lack of partners; and both she and Ethel recognized several acquaintance.

"Bless me, Miss Maitland," exclaimed a long-bearded gentleman, as he shook hands warmly with Nelly, who was sitting with Mrs. Templeton during an interval between two dances, "this is a night of surprises! Who would have dreamed of meeting you here?"

"Not you, evidently," returned Nelly, who looked superbly handsome in black net studded with silver—"a veritable queen of night," as Francis observed to Ethel—"but it is the unexpected that happens. My cousin is also here. Do you know we are in Birmingham for an indefinite period?" And Nelly, turning to Mrs. Templeton, introduced her friend as Professor Mulready.

"I thought you didn't patronize balls, Mr. Professor," said Ethelwyn, who now came up, leaning on Frank's arm. She formed a pleasing contrast to her cousin, being dressed in white, with a bouquet and riviere of some pale pink blossoms. Except for her spectacles, Ethelwyn looked as unlike a blue-stocking as possible.

"I came against my will," said the Professor, with an air of comic resignation. "You know, I am staying with my brother, who is the Rector of St. Alphege's at Fortbridge. My nieces were determined to come and do the light fantastic—they rule their father with a rod of iron—and, as he thought it derogatory to his cloth to attend a ball, I threw myself into the breach. Considering that I can't dance, I look upon myself as a hero."

"But where are your nieces, Professor?" said Nelly.

"Oh, I don't know!" replied Mr. Mulready, rising the palms of his hands in a deprecatory manner. "The moment we entered the room they were besieged by a crowd of young imbeciles and carried off bodily. Now and then I catch sight of their faces among the dancers."

"Well, let us console you," said Nelly; and she and Ethel sat down one on each side of the little Professor, and a very animated conversation was carried on for a few minutes, during which Mrs. Templeton, taking Francis' arm, made her way to the refreshment-room.

Lascelles stood out of earshot, watching Nelly's expressive face with undisguised admiration, and feeling jealousy envious of the new-comer, with whom she seemed to be on such familiar terms.

"You must congratulate me, madam," said Professor Mulready to Mrs. Templeton, on that lady's return to the ball-room. "I have persuaded Miss Maitland to come over to my brother's Working-Men's Institute on Tuesday, and deliver her lecture on the Tudor poets—Shakespeare of course excepted. Poor old Fred will be delighted. The entertainer for Tuesday has disappointed him, but a lady-graduate as lecturer will be an immense draw. Won't it, Miss Ethelwyn?"

"It generally is," replied Ethel quietly; while Nelly, placing her hand upon Lascelles' arm, nodded "Good-bye" to Mr. Mulready, and was once more whirling among the dancers.

Ethel resumed her chat with the Professor until Francis, who had danced but little during the evening, came up to claim her for the "Lancers." The young man looked somewhat pale and distrait.

"Would you mind if we sat out this set?" said Ethel, as she took his arm and they moved away. "I am getting tired, and the heat is intense."

"I know a secluded spot," said Francis, willingly enough, as he led the way to a seat under the gallery at the end of the hall.

There, hidden from the general gaze, behind foliage of some tall exotics that formed part of the decoration of the room, Francis and Ethel found two vacant chairs: and for some moments they sat in silence and watched the dancers.

"What are you thinking about?" said Ethel, as the dance over, she saw Francis regarding Nelly rather wistfully as she passed in the ring of promenaders, talking merrily with Lascelles, whom she had favored with no fewer than four dances.

"Must I tell you the truth?" replied Francis evasively.

"Why, yes, of course!"

"Well, then, Miss Ethel, I was thinking

that wealth cannot always be an unmixed good to a girl."

"You mean she is likely to be sought after on account of her money alone?"

"In a good many cases, yes. I am afraid that, if I were in love with a rich girl, I should be coward enough never to tell her so, for fear of being suspected of mercenary motives. Not that I every shall be," he continued, with a sigh.

"Indeed!" replied Ethel, rather constrainedly. "And why?"

"Because," answered Francis slowly, "I am already in love with a girl who is poor in everything but herself."

"And," said Ethel, whose voice trembled with some feeling that Francis could not define, "does the lady return your affection?"

"How can I tell?" said the young man sadly. "Would you have me, on my magnificent salary of two hundred a year, declare my love, and, if it was requited, bind down the girl I admire and revere beyond every one to an engagement that would have to last for years?"

Ethel appeared absorbed in the picture on her face. She blushed slightly, but made no answer.

"Will you not tell me what you think, Ethel?" said Francis, with a suspicious tremor in his voice, as he gazed intently into her glowing face.

"I think," replied Ethel rather faintly, "that, if I were in your place, I should speak."

"Well, then, Ethel," said Francis, taking possession of the little hand that was toying with the lace on the edge of the fan, "since you say I may tell you I love you, what is my answer?"

Ethel raised her head; her eyes met Francis'; then she began to laugh.

"Oh, Francis," she said, "you know what it is!"

Francis was pressing her hand more fervently than ever.

"Not, I don't," he returned, as Ethel's eyes drooped before his gaze.

"Well, then, yes!" she whispered.

Francis mentally anathematised a waiter who, apparently unconcerned, was taking in every detail of the little scene which was being enacted.

"But I have something to tell you, too," Ethelwyn continued, after a few moments' pause, withdrawing her hand from Francis'. "Do you know, I am afraid I have been deceiving you ever since I came?"

"Deceiving me? How?" asked Francis, amazed.

"Because," replied Ethel, "I let you think I was clever, and a Bachelor of Arts, and all that sort of thing. I am only a very stupid girl compared with Nelly."

"You are the dearest, sweetest girl in the world!" cried Francis warmly. "But I don't quite understand what you mean."

"You see, Francis," Ethelwyn explained, "you all seemed to take it for granted that I was the clever Miss Maitland. I'm sure I don't know what it was that gave you the impression, for I don't look clever——"

"You look a darling!" interrupted Francis, who was gazing with all a lover's ardor at the plain intelligent face, and not caring in the least whether Ethel was clever or not so long as she loved him, and not realizing what her words implied.

"But, when," Ethel went on, "I saw that you had mixed me and Nelly up as it were, and had come to the conclusion that she could not be so very clever because she was so pretty and nice, I could not help letting the joke go on, especially as Nelly was so amused about it. Besides, Francis," she continued, her low voice quavering, "I did so want to be loved for myself and not for my money!"

A light was dawning on Francis; he sat half bewildered.

"And will you mind very much," Ethel said, "because I am only stupid and rich, and not pretty and clever?"

Francis' reply was uttered in a very low tone, and was heard by no one but Ethel; but Mrs. Templeton, who occupied the other seat of the carriage that took them home—Vera and Doris, with Lascelles and Nelly, driving home together—and fell fast asleep long before Azalea House was reached, was ever afterwards under the impression that, as she was dozing off, she heard two distinct kisses, for, as she sleepily opened her eyes, the light from a roadside lamp revealed Francis's lips in close proximity to Ethel's soft cheek.

* * * * * *

"I suppose we must all go to this wretched lecture," grumbled Lascelles to Nelly, on the morning of the Tuesday after the ball, as they paced round the old-fashioned garden, now bright with Lent lilies and Narcissus.

"Why 'wretched'?" said Nelly, who for certain reasons of her own had bound Francis and Ethel over to secrecy until the lecture was over.

"For one thing, I hate the idea of a woman on a lecture-platform," said Lascelles, giving an unoffending polyanthus a vicious slash with his stick, "and, for another, considering that Mrs. Courtenay returns to-morrow and you are going to leave us so soon, I thought we should have had another jolly evening at home."

"Is that intended as a compliment to me?" said Nell.

"Compliments aren't much in my line," returned Lascelles, somewhat moodily; "perhaps, if they were, I could say a lot of pretty things, and you wouldn't tease me so much."

"I am sure I don't tease you," replied Nelly. "I only told you that you were quite mistaken in supposing you loved me."

In spite of Nelly's light tone, her voice was a little tremulous.

"And that's all the answer you give a fellow," said Lascelles, turning an angry red. "It would almost be a kindness to put me out of my misery at once, Nelly," he said desperately; and Nelly saw that he was very much in earnest. "Why will you not tell me whether you love me or not?"

Just then Doris came running towards them from the house.

"If," said Nelly hastily, "your love can stand the test to which it will shortly be put, I will give you an answer to-morrow."

"What on earth can she mean?" thought Lascelles, as Nelly, in response to Doris' message that Professor Mulready was in the drawing-room and wanted to see her as well as Ethel, ran lightly into the house.

All day long Lascelles cudgelled his brains in vain with respect to the test to which Nelly referred. At last he gave the matter up in despair, and, as the shades of night drew on, went over to Fortbridge, in company with his brother and sisters, to the lecture-hall of the Working-Men's Institute.

Nelly and Ethelwyn had gone thither early in the afternoon, in accordance with a promise to take tea at the Vicarage previous to the business of the evening.

As time for the lecture drew near, the little hall became crowded; but the audience was by no means confined to working-men. The posters, stuck in conspicuous situations about the villages, announcing that Miss E. Maitland, B. A., Lond., would deliver a lecture on the Tudor poets, and would intersperse it with recitations, had drawn together a good paying audience.

"Goodness," thought Francis, as he read one of the placards, "what asses we must have been for it not to occur to us that Nelly's name might be "Ellen!"

A local physician, recently knighted, took the chair, and, when, after a few complimentary remarks, he begged leave to introduce the lecturer to the audience, and Nelly, her dress covered by her bachelor's gown, advanced to the little desk in front of the platform, her beauty heightened by the flush that tinged her cheeks with a deeper color than usual, a perfect roar of appreciation burst from the audience.

Nelly bowed slightly in reponse to the greeting, and then, in a voice that trembled a little at first, but which became firmer as she went on, proceeded with her lecture. Interspersed as it was with witty anecdotes and one or two pieces of poetry charmingly given, the slightest pause she made was the signal for renewed acclamation.

Ethelwyn, who occupied a seat next to the Rector and his daughters at the back of the platform, took an innocently malicious pleasure in watching Lascelles' face.

It was doubtful what was the dominant expression on it when Nelly came forward. Surprise, astonishment, and anger, mingled with an indignation that was almost comic, were at last succeeded by a look of deep depression, which lasted for the remainder of the evening; and it was without uttering a word that the young man made his way to the door of the lecture-hall, and waited with Francis and his sisters to escort the brilliant lecturer home.

As for Vera, she bit her lip in vexation; but Doris, catching the merry twinkle in Ethel's eyes, went off into a fit of laughter.

"Oh, Nelly, what a trick you've played us!" she said, as they walked towards the station.

"It wasn't my doing," returned Nelly, laughing. "You took it so much for granted that I could do nothing but skate and play lawn-tennis that I hadn't the heart to undeceive you."

"Well, you've proved one thing," cried Doris warmly—"you have let us see that a girl can be clever and the jolliest creature out as well!"

Lascelles did not speak; nor could any remark of Nelly's rouse him from his silence. When they reached home, he excused himself from joining the others at supper and went up at once to his own room.

Nelly did not see him again until the afternoon of the next day. Ethelwyn had gone out with the two girls, Francis was at "business," and Mrs. Templeton had gone up-stairs to sleep off the effects of the previous evening's late hours. Nelly was busy writing letters in the dining-room when Lascelles entered. He looked pale and worn.

"Don't you feel well?" said Nelly, with a note of raillery in her voice, "Let me give you a cup of the tea Doris so thoughtfully ordered to be sent in for me."

Lascelles took the proffered cup, but put it down untouched.

"Look here, Nelly," he said, plunging into his subject at once—"you told me yesterday that you would give me an answer to-day. I thought perhaps I had better tell you that I don't expect you to give me one now."

"It is just precisely what I told you!" said Nelly, with a scornful ring in her voice. "I said you thought you loved me, but that you were mistaken."

"You thought," went on Nelly, as she left her seat and stood on the hearthrug, drawing up her tall figure to its full height, "that I had Ethel's money, and that Ethel had my B.A. degree. Was not that it? Can you not answer?" she added imperiously, as Lascelles remained silent.

"It's quite true," replied the young man, speaking with an evident effort.

"And that it would be a good thing for you to have a rich wife."

"Yes," said Lascelles, "I did. I never thought I was a cad till now!"

A smile played about Nelly's lips. Lascelles was still looking upon the ground.

"And, now," she continued, "that you find I am dependent on my own brains and have no money at all, you think you are well out of it?"

"I don't care a straw," cried Lascelles, so vehemently that Nelly was startled, "whether you are rich or poor, whether you are up in Latin and Greek, or can't go through the multiplication-table; I know only this, that you are the only woman in the world for me! Of course it's very clever of you to have made a fool of me and have the laugh of me!"—and he laid his head upon the table and burst into tearless sobs.

Nelly laid a light hand upon his head. At her touch he sprang up.

"Look here," he said—"I know I am not fit to carry your shoes, but love you I do with all my heart and soul! I——"

"Then why," interrupted Nelly, "did you say you no longer wanted an answer?"

"Because," replied Lascelles, "a woman like your wouldn't look at an idle fellow like me. If I only thought there was any chance, I would give up my horse, and go to Queen's College again, and work like a slave till I passed my exam. and made something of a position for you."

Nelly remained silent, with her eyes downcast. Presently she began drumming on the table with her fingers.

"Ah," said Lascelles bitterly, "it's all fun to you, but it's death to me!"

"But you said you didn't want an answer," replied Nelly demurely. "How can I give one if you don't ask for it?"

"Nelly," cried Lascelles incredulously, "is it possible?"

"Why, you great goose," replied Nelly, laughing and blushing—yet there were tears in her eyes, too—"of course it is! But mind," she added seriously, as she extricated herself from her lover's strong embrace—"I shall keep you to your word!"

Lascelles replied with a rapturous "My darling, my darling!" kept his promise, and became, if not a shining light of the medical profession, at least a worthy member of an exceedingly lucrative branch of it. And he always retained his intense admiration for his clever wife.

Mrs. Courtenay looked somewhat dismayed when she heard, on her return from Mentone, of the matrimonial engagements into which her nieces had entered, and she had rather a bad quarter of an hour with her brother when he came back from India. Mr. Digby Maitland had no desire that his daughter should marry a man in Francis's position; but he liked Francis at once, and made the best of a bad business, as he confessed to his sister, by getting an old Anglo-Indian friend to use his influence and obtain a good position for his son-in-law in an Indian and Colonial bank.

It would be difficult to say which couple is the happier—Lascelles and Nelly with their tall boys, or Francis and Ethel. They have only two children, a fair-haired Lascelles and a dark-eyed Ethel; but, young as they are, they emphatically declare that they cannot imagine how their father could ever have thought their mother was clever.

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AT HOME AND ABROAD.

When Napoleon III. was approaching sovereignty, he asked a judicious friend to observe him carefully for a week, and to point out to him anything that he did which was not according to the severest code of the manners of a well-bred man. At the end of the week there was only one practice which the friend had noticed. The emperor, after eating a boiled egg, invariably put his spoon through the empty shell.

Tom O'Neil, says a St. Louis paper, has at his home menagerie a peculiar specimen of the animal kingdom which he prizes highly. The animal is a little Oriental ant eater. It came direct from Asia, and was purchased in the West Indies from a vessel and brought to the Texas coast as the property of Captain W. H. Sterling, of the Port Lavaca and Matagorda Packet Line, and after an apprenticeship on this vessel, where he was instrumental in extinguishing the last rat, cockroach and flea, passed into the hands of O'Neil as a present. In appearance the little creature is a cross between a Georgia persimmon-fed 'possum and a Kansas chipmunk, but is more intelligent and domestic than either. The little denizen of the Orient can not only clean out the biggest ant nest in town, in short order, but will rid a house of the last rat, mouse or cockroach with equal facility, and take up the fleas for a diet.

A French writer believes that the enormous increase in locusts in Algeria, which caused so much suffering last year, may have been largely due to the slaughter of the ostriches, partridges, quails and other birds, which have been almost exterminated by the unrestricted raids of French hunters. His calculations show that a single quail devours 1,000 daily, or 20 000 or 25,000 during the period before the insects get too large. When it is further considered that 50 000 quails were shipped from Tunis for France in a single day in May of last year, some idea may be had of the extent to which the insects are aided by the sportsmen. The ostrich, also, is very fond of locusts, and the estimate is made that—although 4,223 different articles, including food remains, sand, small stones, etc., have been found in the stomach of one of these creatures—it is capable of eating 40,000 locusts daily.

PATENTS

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Our Young Folks.

A LADY, A KNIGHT, AND A DRAGON.

BY A. T. S.

IT is all very well to be a lady of title if it means that you are to be allowed to enjoy the dignity in your own way; but it becomes slightly tedious when all the people who have known you since you crawled about the floor come and stare at you as if you were the greatest curiosity outside the Zoo, and remark, "So you are Lady Philippa now, my dear; and you don't look a bit different": just as if they expected to find you with a coronet all set round with diamonds on your head.

Philippa found this was rather tiring: she supposed she was really Lady Philippa Lorimer, but at present this accession of dignity was rather trying than otherwise. But it would, of course, be different when her father came home—as he naturally would now that he was an earl.

As a general rule, he spent his time in traveling about the world, shooting elks, and kangaroos, and seals, and grizzly bears, and such like, while his daughter stayed with Miss Susannah and Miss Drusilla Pocock, who had taken care of her ever since she was a tiny baby.

The two old ladies certainly never expected the baby to turn into a lady of title, for at that time there was no idea of the baby's papa turning into an earl; but when this important change really did take place they were more particular than ever about Lady Philippa's elbows keeping in and Lady Philippa's toes turning out.

The little girl longed for her father to come back, for the number of things she might not do now she was no longer plain Philippa was positively bewildering. What was the good of a title if you might not even swing on the gate?

It was a lovely warm day, and so warm that after dinner, first Miss Susannah, and then Miss Drusilla, began to nod over their knitting.

Philippa was working a dreadful green and yellow parrot with a savage eye, but when a gentle but unmistakable snore proceeded from each armchair, her face broke into a smile.

The door was not closed, and very quietly she stole out, first casting a wary glance behind her. What if she were caught?

But no; the little old ladies were both in the land of dreams, and knew not that their charge, leaving the parrot to complete his own beak and tail, was racing off to the wood without so much as a hat on her head.

"Oh, how delicious!" cried Philippa, giving a little skip of delight. "Now I will gather a great bunch of flowers; and if Miss Susannah scolds, well, papa will be back soon, so it won't much matter. I do wonder whether he will bring me a bear's paw!"

The little girl amused herself for some time in the wood, and never noticed that she had wandered from the beaten track, until it occurred to her that she was getting cold and ought to go home.

But which was the way home?—that was the puzzle; and Philippa began to get quite alarmed, when a sudden turn of the path brought her to the entrance of a large cave.

Then she threw up her hands in the greatest amazement, for right in front of her, with a stern expression upon his face, stood a warlike figure, with a dangerous-looking sword quite half as high as himself.

"Oh dear, this is extraordinary!" thought Philippa. "First I'm turned into a lady of title, and next I meet a man like Richard Cœur-de-Lion, who looks as if he would cut my head off with the greatest of pleasure. Whatever shall I say to him?"

The knight, however, began the conversation by crying out in an angry tone—

"Now then, don't look at me as if I were a wax-work, because I'm not. Didn't you see the notice on the board?—'Trespassers will be persecuted.'"

"I never saw any notice at all," answered Philippa boldly.

"And you have been taking the lives of my flowers, insolent one!" went on the knight, with a dark look.

"What if I throw you into the deepest dungeon in the castle?" The protruding eyes of a strange little henchman, who stood by the knight's side, seemed to sparkle with glee at this—to Philippa—very uninviting prospect.

She drew herself up, although inwardly quaking, and answered firmly—

"How dare you speak so to a lady of title!"

The effect this simple sentence produced was positively overwhelming. Down dropped the knight on his knees; away flew his sword, off came his helmet, while he himself cried in excited tones—"A lady of title! is it really true? That is what I have been vainly trying to find for the last hundred thousand years. Speak, prithee speak, is it indeed the truth?"

"Of course it is!" replied the young lady with dignity. "I am Lady Philippa Lorimer, and my father is an earl; though, perhaps, he doesn't know it yet."

"Then," cried the knight, springing to his feet, "I take you at once for my liege lady, before anybody else can snap you up. You will have to give me a bit of ribbon, or a lock of your hair, or a scrap of something—it does not matter what—and I shall fasten it to my helmet, and then I shall go out and kill dragons and cut off giants' heads, and rescue fair princesses, and do a lot of other funny things. Allow me, fairest Lady Philippa, to conduct you into the castle of the humblest of your slaves"; and with that he took her hand and drew her up the bank.

"I am very sorry, but really I ought to be going home; Miss Susannah will expect me," said Philippa politely, and then she started back in surprise.

The cave and wood had suddenly and completely vanished, and she and the knight were standing in the courtyard of a magnificent castle.

To say that Philippa enjoyed her life as the lady of the castle is not stating precisely the truth. She had plenty of servants to wait upon her; but then, they were such queer-looking creatures.

"If you gave them their proper names, you'd call them beetles," said Philippa to herself disdainfully; "and I believe that I shall turn into one myself if I stay here much longer."

At the same time, she saw clearly that she was a prisoner, for she could not move a step without being attended by regiments of soldiers and bevies of ladies-in-waiting, who all looked sharply after their mistress with their bright beady eyes.

The knight was extremely delighted at having secured such a prize; for, as he explained to Philippa, he belonged to the famous Order of the Knights of Hocuspocus, each of whom was bound by their rules to have a liege lady of noble birth before he might attempt any deeds of valor.

He tried to amuse Philippa in various curious ways: one of which was to constantly alter the landscape, so that she never knew where to look for things. One day the beetle servants dug up a mountain, and carted it to a place some miles away; another time they carried away a river in buckets and emptied it into a fresh bed; and a third whim of their master's was to have a large wood transplanted, so that when Philippa went to walk in it, instead of being on the right side of the castle, it was on the left.

"Why does he do such silly things?" she asked Polixena impatiently; and the lady-in-waiting, after casting a frightened glance around, answered below her breath, "It is to keep the people employed, for fear they should get up a conspiracy, and pinch him to death with their nippers."

"I wish to goodness they would! There would be some excitement about that," cried Philippa heartily. "And I'd pinch too, if I were a beetle."

"Take care what you say," said Polixena in alarm, "or perhaps you'll find yourself turned into one when you least expect it. You remember the first time you saw me, when I was only a humble peasant beetle, helping my old blind father. That day was my birthday, and I had only been a beetle a hundred and fifty years; only that: no more."

"Well, I think that's long enough," said the astonished Philippa. "Are you as old as that, Polixena? Why, Miss Susannah is only seventy-two. Oh, I wish"—with a sudden flood of recollections—"that I could go home and finish my Berlin wool parrot. And my papa's an earl now; and he promised to bring me a bear's paw from the Rocky Mountains; and he won't know where I am gone to."

"Don't cry!" said Polixena sympathetically; adding in a whisper, "Perhaps we could escape if we could get the red dragon into working order and frighten the knight with it. Knights never stand dragons; somehow or other, they don't seem to take to them."

"Polixena, what do you mean?" cried Philippa eagerly; but Polixena, looking perfectly blank, was arranging her mistress's train, and the latter, glancing round, saw her captor approaching her.

* * * * * *

"Oh, Polixena, what a lovely monster!"

"Yes; isn't he a fine specimen? Look at his red tongue and his beautiful forked tail. Hundreds of years ago, when fairies owned the castle and wood, they used to wind him up and put him in a cave, and then the knights came and poked at him with lances, and hewed at him with swords, and thought all the time he was a real dragon. Ha, ha!"

"He looks dreadfully natural," said Philippa, looking at the painted monster a little timidly. "Are you sure you know how to wind him up, Polixena? And whatever you do, don't let him run after me."

"I think I can manage him properly," answered the other conspirator. "I got my granny—she's about eight hundred years old—to tell me how the fairies used to do it. See, here we pour in the brimstone. Now hold his tongue on one side while I stuff some boxes of matches down his throat; now we must pump in some air with the bellows to make the roaring, you know; and lastly, we must well oil the machinery. If that were to stick in one tiny place, it would spoil everything."

The lady-in-waiting, usually so submissive, quite took the lead on this occasion, and Philippa followed her directions with admiring zeal.

She could not help a smothered feeling of terror at the sight of the sprawling unwieldy creature that Polixena was endeavoring to "wind up."

What formidable jaws! what a snake-like tongue! what a terrible tail it had! And would it do a lot of mischief when it once began to work, or not?

This was a question to which neither of the two conspirators could possibly give an answer.

Polixena might be able to set the dragon going, perhaps, but there her power over it stopped.

But Philippa thought: "As long as we can get out of the castle somehow, I don't care. He may scrunch up every beetle in the place if he likes; and I do hope that he will frighten the knight well."

Fizz! Buzz-z-z! Fizz-z-z-z-z!!

"Oh!" screamed Philippa, and "Get out of the way!" shrieked Polixena; and then both of them huddled into a doorway, and clung to each other in terror.

They had wound the dragon up with a vengeance, and off he pranced in splendid style, his tail lashing the air, smoke and flames pouring from his jaws in torrents—a right royal dragon.

"Now we must run; this is the time," said Polixena, as shrieks from all sides filled the air; and she dragged Philippa up the stairs and out into the courtyard. The wildest confusion prevailed there, and nobody made the slightest attempt to stop the two fugitives as they hurried across.

But presently they heard a shout behind them which made them start and look round; and there was the knight running after them as fast as he could, while the dragon careered gaily after him.

"Oh h-h!" shrieked Lady Philippa Lorimer in dismay; and then—well, it certainly was very odd—a voice exactly like Miss Susannah's said—

"My dear, you will have to unpick half your parrot's tail; it is so badly done."

NOT TO BE OUTDONE.—The Hon. Fred Winston of Chicago, who for a short time represented the United States at the Persian Court, relates that, when he arrived at Teheran, he was met outside of the city by the Chamberlain of the Court, who in the name of the Shah presented him with four elephants. Winston, who had never seen an elephant outside a menagerie, was paralysed at the situation, but managed to express his thanks for the Shah's great kindness. After he had been presented and had assumed the duties of his office, his greatest official burden was the care of his elephants. Relief came on the second day, when the intimation was politely conveyed that the Shah expected a present from him. "Certainly," said Winston, as a smile wreathed his face. "I have only been waiting to secure one worthy of so great a ruler." That afternoon he proceeded in state to the palace and presented the Shah with five elephants. The Chamberlain seemed to regard the animals with suspicion, but Oriental politeness prevents the inspection of a gift horse in the mouth, and, anyhow, the extra elephant removed all doubt. "That extra elephant cost me a hundred dollars," said Winston, in telling the story afterward; "but I considered myself getting out of a bad scrape cheap at that."

"SCRAPPENS is the most even-tempered man I ever saw." "Even tempered! Why, I never saw him pleasant." "Exactly. He's always angry about something."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Pneumatic tires have been put on many baby carriages.

A cotton palace is soon to be opened at Waco, Texas.

Farm animals in Japan are said to be shod with straw sandals.

"Roof-walking gentlemen" is the polite name for burglars in China.

Pneumatic tires have been placed on ambulances in New York city.

Four thousand Sioux Indians are said to be regular church attendants.

California has 40 Chinese temples, New York 4, Idaho 2, and Oregon 1.

Australia is said to have more churches in proportion to population than any other country.

A healthy man respires 16 to 20 times a minute, or over 20,000 a day; a child 25 to 35 times a minute.

Among the old newspapers in the country is the Spy, of Worcester, Mass., established in 1770.

A New York man attempted suicide lately by drinking carbolic acid, because his wife talks too much.

A Milwaukee Court clerk has reduced the price of certificates of United States citizenship to 25 cents each.

Newfoundland rivals Ireland in that it is without reptiles. No snake, frog, toad, or lizard has ever been seen there.

The city of Cincinnati increased her population 15,000, one day lately, by the annexation of five suburban villages.

There are ten "fruit schools" in France, where pupils are instructed practically how to cultivate and husband fruits.

A Washington man who advertised the finding of an umbrella is the subject of a page article in a leading weekly of that city.

Sam Wah King, a Chinaman, has started a cattle ranch in Montana with a capital of $110,000. He employs only Chinese on his ranch.

Drunkenness is very rare in Rio Janeiro, the cause being that the people drink coffee to the almost entire exclusion of alcoholic beverages.

Owing to the infrequency of fires in the City of Mexico, it has been suggested that the fire engines be assigned the duty of sprinkling the streets.

The town of Sing Sing, New York, where the penitentiary is located, owes its peculiar name to John Sing Sing, a friendly Indian, so an old gazeteer says.

A post-mortem on a cow belonging to a farmer at Seattle, Washington, developed the fact, it is said, that the animal had been living for some time with a steel wire through her heart.

On the court roll of the Russian Emperor appear the names of one chief hunting master, one chief stable master, 17 stable masters, 6 hunting masters and 8 assistant hunting masters.

The origin of 15 fires, which occurred in laundries in Hamburg, Germany, last year, is reported to have been caused by friction of the benzine and clothing as the latter was withdrawn from the bath.

Sam Taylor and wife, colored people, of Louisville, who were married in the old slave days and have since accumulated a competence, were remarried a short time ago so that their children should have no trouble in inheriting their property.

Professor Williams, of Johns-Hopkins University, found at Heidelberg University a rule printed in 1490 forbidding the older students to shave the heads of the new ones, and he cites the bald facts to show that the practice of hazing is a venerable one.

At Nagoya, in China, a merchant, who is in his 68th year, has just divorced his 26th wife and is about to marry the 27th. He had resolved when he was young to marry 30 wives, and is delighted that he has now only three more to marry to keep his vow.

Warren Brazington, who was lately pardoned from Auburn prison by Governor Flower, in what was supposed to be the last stage of consumption, is rapidly regaining his health. His cough and emaciation were brought about by swallowing tobacco juice.

The celebration of the 25th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kendall, of Granby, Conn., recently, was noteworthy on two accounts. Mrs. Kendall was attired in the dress in which she was married, and cake which was left over from their 10th wedding celebration was served.

A remarkable catch of English sparrows was made during the past bounty season at Elgin, Ill., by Matilda Althen, a girl of 10 years. Her father owns a brewery, and she captured 161 sparrows that fed upon the refuse from the brewery, taking advantage of their inebriation, and collected the bounty.

Dr. Paul Garnier, the Paris physician, has made a special study of those slum children who are the offspring of habitual drunkards. He says: "There is a flaw in the very nature of these young wretches that the psychologist sees clearly and notes with apprehension—the absence of affectionate emotions."

A REQUEST.

BY W. W. L.

Sweet, when I am quiet lying,
Done with earth's sad ways,
Lift not up your voice in crying
For the latter days.

Kiss me as I lie there smiling,
Smiling there in peaceful death;—
No, don't kiss me, star-eyed darling,
It would bring back life and breath.

EGYPT LONG AGO.

The Archæological Survey of Egypt undertaken by the Egyptian Exploration Fund is proceeding under favorable auspices, and the results of each discovery seem of increasing interest. Last year, several artists were sent out to make fac-simile drawings of the wall-paintings in tombs belonging to the eleventh and twelfth dynasties—that is, of a period about two or three thousand years B. C., or approximately five thousand years ago.

These drawings, supplemented by portions of the original wall of a tomb which had been shattered by an earthquake, rendering the removal possible without any destruction on the part of the explorers, have recently been exhibited at the residence of the Marquis of Bute, and present many special points of interest.

The freshness and beauty of the pigments employed in these very ancient frescoes are most remarkable. We are accustomed to look with wonder at the works of what we call the "old masters," and to think the coloring of Orcagna, Cimabue and Giotto marvelous after the lapse of five or six centuries; but here we get colors which have stood the test of ten times that period, and yet retain their freshness and beauty almost unimpaired, so that you may trace the delicate gradations in the plumage of a bird, and thus classify numerous varieties of ducks, evidently domesticated and carefully bred; and even in the hieroglyphics the birds are so carefully portrayed that the species designed is easily recognizable.

Three species of domesticated dogs appear with characteristics resembling those of to-day. There is a great lean-bodied, long-legged creature which might be the ancestor of our grayhound; but the legs are much thicker, and it is altogether more clumsy and less graceful. Then there is a dog possessing the characteristics of the boarhound, but with a mottled coat somewhat resembling that of a tortoiseshell cat.

This coloring is also observable in the third species of dog, which has a strong affinity with the modern spitz or "dachshund," having a long body and short bandy legs; but the latter characteristic is not so decidedly marked as at the present day. This little dog would seem to have been a favorite with the Egyptians at that remote period, for two of the kind are depicted, a male and female, one accompanying a lady in a close palanquin.

It may here be remarked that a dog very closely resembling the one here portrayed is still found in South Africa, where it is bred and highly esteemed by the Hottentots, who even make the women nurse the puppies with their own children. This dog, known as a "brachhund," is long-bodied and short-legged, but not so bandy-legged as the dachshund; the coloring also is more like that of the ancient Egyptian dog, being mottled, and often spotted with red like a cow.

There is also a cat, large and gaunt and fierce, certainly not our domestic tabby, but something approaching to the wild-cat. Whether this was the variety dedicated to Pasht, and of which so many mummies are found, can hardly be determined by the painting; but probably it was intended to represent that sacred animal.

The types of mankind shown on these very early paintings are of peculiar interest. There is the swarthy Egyptian ploughman, holding the primitive wooden plough, not, however, of the earliest type, which was only a crooked pointed stick driven by hand, whereas this is drawn by an ox, and has a cross-handle, painted red.

Then there are the bearers of the palanquin, two of whom appear to be shaven, as was the manner of the Egyptians; whilst a third wears a full crop of hair or a wig, probably to denote superior rank. In another painting, rank is shown by the leopard-skin robe, worn apparently by an overseer, who is directing two workmen; and it may be remarked that even to the present day the leopard skin denotes the priestly caste, medicine-man, or chieftainship, in all parts of Africa.

Perhaps the most interesting of the human figures depicted is a group, or rather a procession, of red-haired, light-skinned, blue-eyed people, supposed to be Lybians, the men bearing in their hands crooked clubs resembling boomerangs, and having other weapons, notably a huge knife, thrust through their shaggy red hair; whilst the women carry their children in baskets on their backs; and two are depicted bearing monkeys instead of children.

Conventionally, the Egyptian women are always represented as much lighter in color than the men, and two groups in these paintings are especially remarkable. In one, two women are represented standing facing each other, one foot raised, touching that of the adversary, one hand being also placed on that of the other, whilst a round object, supposed to be a bladder, is attached by a long string to the hair of each at the back, hanging down to the shoulders. This is evidently a game, in which the performers whirl round and strike each other with the ball or bladder attached to the hair; and it is easy to see that, if the ball were not very light, the game might be an exceedingly rough one.

In the other group, two women tossing balls are seated on the backs of two other women, the supposition being that when they fail to catch, they in turn become horses for the others. These two games of ball strike one as new, and especially noteworthy from the performers being women. The great peculiarity in all these human figures is the extraordinary length of the fingers and toes. In those days, it was evidently a mark of beauty to have a long foot and hand, and the artists must have complimented their subjects by exaggeration in these points.

Grains of Gold.

Folly is the poverty of the mind.

Who teaches often learns himself.

Where reason rules appetite obeys.

There is no medicine against death.

Say well is good, but do well is better.

The greatest learning is to be seen in the greatest plainness.

The timid and weak are the most revengeful and implacable.

If you make money your God, it will plague you like the devil.

Custom may lead a man into many errors, but is justifies none.

If youth knew what age would crave, it would both get and save.

Antiquity cannot privilege an error, nor novelty prejudice a truth.

The reproaches of a friend should be strictly just, and not too frequent.

The trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much gold there is in us.

Indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue.

In prosperity it is the easiest of all things to find a friend; in adversity it is of all things the most difficult.

I have always said that the greatest object in education is to accustom a young man gradually to be his own master.

Some people claim to be trusting God to save their souls who appear to be afraid to trust Him with very much of their money.

A nobleman, anxious for the instruction of his son, asked a philosopher the first thing he should learn. "The extent of his own ignorance," replied the sage.

Femininities.

Love is doubted when it leaves the cost-mark on the present.

Miss Lizzie Bailey, of Dexter, Me., has been teaching school continuously for 44 years.

How soon the millenium would come if the good things people intend to do to-morrow were only done to-day!

One reason why there is not more good being done is because so many people want to wait until to morrow to begin.

Mlle. Coralie Brach, a dancer of the Paris opera, died lately, and her estate foots up $800,000, all of which she is said to have evolved by her profession.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Morgan, of Jeffersonville, Indiana, recently celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary. Mr. Morgan is 82 years old, and his wife is 76

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria, by a severe system of fasting and exercise, massage and training, succeeds in keeping her waist measure to 20 inches, in spite of her 56 years.

"You think," said Sammy Softleigh, "that it actually hurts a man to be hit with one of Cupid's arrows?" "No," replied Belle Pepperton; "as a rule he merely becomes senseless for a time."

The wife of the Sheriff of Allen county, is so good a cook that no less than eight local epicures have committed offences against the law in order to get into jail and eat meals prepared by her.

A Kansas tramp offered to work for his board and clothes on a farm, made love to the farmer's old-maid sister, consented to marry her if she would have all her ugly teeth pulled out, and ran away after she had done so.

Her Majesty, Victoria, keeps all the Christmas, birthday and New Year cards sent to her by relatives, and has them bound in handsome scrap-books. The cards are so arranged as to show any inscription, such as "To my dear grandmamma."

George Kiput, of Shelby county, Indiana, a church deacon and 73 years old, has entered upon his sixth matrimonial venture. Each time he contracted with his brides, all of whom are living, that if he became dissatisfied they were to separate on his terms.

Three ladies mounted the platform of a tramcar in Paris only to find all the inside seats occupied. A gentleman at once got up, and with grave courtesy remarked, "Ladies, allow me to offer my seat to the eldest of you." He was not called upon to surrender it.

She: "Do you remember what day this is the anniversary of?" He: "Well, I should say I did." She: "I thought you would." He: "Humph! Who could forget the day his own house was burned down?" She: "George!" He: "What?" She: "It's the day you proposed to me!" Tears and a scene.

A propos of the admission of women to the English Medical Association, Sir Spencer Wells consulted an American on the subject of professional women, and received the following very smart reply: "Well, sir, in America we have a great many female doctors, female journalists, female preachers, and females in all classes of professions and trades; but what we want is more female women."

Preacher: "Young men should never go to a place where they would not take their sisters. Is there a young man in the audience who thinks he may safely break this wise rule?" Young man under the gallery stands up. Preacher: "And what is the place, my young friend, which you think yourself justified in visiting, and yet which you would not think of taking your sister?" Young man: "The barber shop, sir."

"There is one prejudice," says an Englishwoman now residing in this country, "that I have had to overcome since coming to America, which was my antipathy to sponge-cake and ladyfingers, as so often served over here with ice cream. My associations with them are of the gloomiest sort. Ladyfingers are served in all parts of England, with light refreshments, at funerals, and usually go by the name of 'funeral biscuits.'"

The marriage bureau in the New York City Hall is in room 13. Two theories regarding the recent falling off in the number of civil marriages contracted before Aldermen have been advanced. Hard times are said to be the cause of the matrimonial slump by matter-of-fact observers; but there are those who claim that the growing unpopularity of the number 13 has much to do with the gradual decline of business at the City Hall bureau. They suggest that the number of the room where Cupid keeps his certificates be changed.

A lawyer trying to serve his client by throwing suspicion on a witness in the case, in the course of cross-examination said: "You have admitted that you were at the prisoner's house every night during this time?" "Yes, sir," replied the witness. "Were you and he interested in any business together?" "Yes," answered the man, unhesitatingly; "yes." "Ah! Now will you be good enough to tell us how and to what extent, and what the nature of this business was in which you and he were interested?" "Well, I have no objection to telling," was the reply. "I was courting his daughter."

Masculinities.

An ugly man's competition is the latest rival to the beauty show in Brussels.

A person is always startled when he hears himself seriously called old for the first time.

There are few wild beasts more to be dreaded than a talking man having nothing to say.

John Y. McKane, the imprisoned boss, owns mortgages on six different churches in Gravesend.

A long, strong thumb, states an authority, indicates great will power and force of character.

A young man was fined $5 by a Providence Judge, a few days ago, for kissing a girl on the street.

"This rich relative of ours—is he a distant relative?" "Yes, extremely so since he became rich."

People generally are what they are made by education and company between the ages of 15 and 25.

An inventor has patented a device for illuminating keyholes which promises to be a boon to persons out late at night.

Frederika Brame and Ludwig Ziehm were married at Jeffersonville, Ind., recently, after a betrothal covering 25 years.

The one-legged man has this advantage over other mortals—he never finds it any trouble to put his best foot forward.

Russia's women have become important in the medical world. There are 700 women practicing medicine in the empire.

The Rev. J. N. Thomas, of Duluth, aged 72, and Mrs. Anne McElvaney, aged 80, were married at Waito, Georgia, recently.

"Named your boy John after yourself, Mr. Barrows?" "No, Mrs. Tomson. We have named him James after a prolonged family row."

An American colored woman, Mrs. Amanda Smith, is a temperance evangelist in England now, lecturing under the auspices of Lady Somerset.

The Grace Baptist Church, of New York, has caused much criticism by introducing, as an adjunct of its Young Men's Guild, a billiard and pool table.

Overheard in the museum: "I feel that I am not long for this world," remarked the dwarf. "I, also, am nearer heaven than most people," sighed the giant.

The visiting card of the German Emperor is four times as large as an ordinary card for gentlemen, and on it is engraved: Wilhelm, Deutscher Kaiser and Konig von Prussen.

Young lads gather many pennies by turning handsprings and to performing other slight gymnastic feats to the delight of the passengers on some of the East river ferry boats plying between New York and Jersey City.

A collection of tools, said to be used by the workmen in building the Pyramids of Egypt, are on exhibition by a famous Egyptologist. These indicate that many tools credited to modern ingenuity were in use when Moses was troubling the Pharaohs.

Intellectual possessions, valuable as they are, cannot of themselves refine their owner. If he has in his heart the alloy of selfishness, or ingratitude, or self-conceit, or contempt for those less learned than himself, he lacks true refinement in spite of all his knowledge.

President Eliot, of Harvard, says that there is scarcely a single subject taught nowadays in the same way it was taught 30 years ago, and that even law, the most conservative of studies, is now treated in an entirely different method from that which prevailed in former years.

A Boston man was dreaming the other night of untold wealth that was being bestowed upon him. When he awoke from his dream, instead of having a fortune, he found he was losing a part of one. There was an open window in his chamber and a burglar was going through his pockets.

Although the Court of Austria is commonly known as the most aristocratic in Europe, no monarch is easier to reach than the Emperor Francis Joseph. He has certain audience days, when any of his subjects, high as well as low, are permitted to call and discuss with him any affair which they choose.

Max O'Rell says he has found only two nations where women are the leaders—France and America. In America, from the age of 18, a girl is allowed almost every liberty—she takes the rest. In France the women are not frivolous, he maintains, as is commonly supposed. They have a knowledge of their husband's business and a voice in the management of his affairs.

Dr. Alice B. Stockham, of Chicago, is casting about for methods by which to harmonize the practical and theoretical in woman's education. She has reached Boston, and as no girl can graduate from the high school of that city without making her examination loaf of bread or without knowing why it is nutritious and must always turn out just so by scientific rule, Dr. Stockham will probably go no farther.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Capes and shoulder capes are now on exhibition, and there's more to follow, for beside the handsome models that were made ready for Easter-tide, formed of brocade, moire, satin, bengaline and cloth, the French designers are making the most enchanting little wraps of lace and net—berthas, pelerines, and fichus—to be worn en suite later on, with the prettiest of Amy Robsart, Melba, Duse and Princess Maud hats, and the daintiest of dainty toilets of flowered taffeta silk, flowered India muslin, organdie and lawns, dimities, and challis innumerable. These capes will be one of the leading wraps for fashionable wear for months to come. Already we note that their forms are more varied than those of the past season, and the shape and style less protective and more summery than the familiar capes of the winter. Some have yokes, others have none. A number of the French styles are fichu-shaped, with lace frills at the edge and long scarf ends that tie at the back a la Marie Antoinette; others are accordion-pleated and in simple circular form. The richest and most elegant capes are of costly black lace with jet garnitures; the most fascinating models are of soft lovely cream laces formed of both wide and medium widths, with often an added garniture of velvet ribbon or cream satin ribbon insertions and rosettes, the latter for very youthful wearers. Elegant summer wraps showing black and white laces in combination, with parasol and French bonnet en suite, will be worn by young matrons. Out of all this beautiful variety, it will be almost impossible not to do great justice to one's appearance in the matter of a new summer wrap.

A girl never looks better than in a cotton gown, and the patterns of the forthcoming season have more than the usual attractions to commend them. The sateens might easily be mistaken for silk, with their plain grounds and natural bouquets, though spots of varying size are to be worn still. Zephyrs are introduced under many new aspects; some have crinkled crepe stripes, the coloring delightful. They have powerful rivals in the cotton crepes and crepons. The multicolored effects intermixed in the stripes are new, the Oriental lines on plain grounds, and the upstanding checks and stripes. Cambric with lines and checks and plain drill will be worn as the weather brightens.

Wool continues the staple commodity in all dress materials, with and without silk effects. Delaine is an old-fashioned fabric, which happily comes back scattered over with natural bouquets. Tweeds and homespuns have assumed many new phases, and the voile de laine crepons show lined stripes, the material crinkled between them. The newest feature is the co-mingling of colors in such a way that they merge into each other. Diagonal cloths, plain and fancy, show great variety, and the plain ones are pure in tone. Inspired by the sunshine of last year, brighter tones are worn; this is a step in the right direction. The hopsacks are bewitching, shot in two colors, pink and green, terra-cotta and blue, heliotrope and green.

It is difficult to discover a real novelty in fans, but a pretty and inexpensive kind when closed resembles a series of colored, rounded frills, edged with tinsel; these accord with the gown and give much effect at little cost.

A glace made of silk, shot and brocaded with soft, pretty figures, is new, and so are the interwoven primroses on a ground of combined colors, such as gold and blue; and, as a broad rule, we must accept the fact that small effects will be adopted. In some of the black spotted silks a sort of bayadere insertion, multicolored, is introduced in the weaving, and runs round the skirts. We have not at all done with moires, and these are shot and spotted, and show the traverse lines. One curious pattern among the new silks is a boldly watered moire, on which are garlands of tiny blooms running across the material, while another has chintz-like stripes of pompadour flowers in horizontal lines in such mixtures as pink and green, yellow and gray, and so on. Black moires show colored pin points all over, sometimes interspersed with a brocade of flowers, and pink and light sky-blue are among the favorite colors. Large wide stripes, three or four inches across, of satin and moire show a bold contrast of color, such as dark peon and light shrimp, dark heliotrope and light, dark green and light blue.

Broadly-spreading bows on the backs of our hats and bonnets are growing apace, and either in satin moire or velvet are the latest craze in the millinery department. They remind one singularly of windmill sails, but it is to be doubted whether there be a Don Quixote extant sufficiently brave to tilt at this particular outcome of creative genius on the part of Parisian bonnet builders.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Chicken Salad.—To make a chicken-salad, take two large cold fowls, either boiled or roasted, the yolks of nine hard-boiled eggs, half pint each of sweet oil and vinegar, one gill of mustard, one teaspoonful each of Cayenne pepper and salt, and two large heads of fine celery. Cut the meat of the fowls from the bones in small pieces, and the pieces of celery into pieces about an inch long. Mix these two ingredients well together, cover them and set them away. Mash the yolks of the eggs to a smooth paste, and mix them with the oil, vinegar, mustard, pepper, and salt. These are to be stirred for a long time, till they are thoroughly mixed and quite smooth: the longer they are stirred the better. This having been done, cover it and set it away, and five minutes before the salad is to be eaten, pour the dressing over the chicken and celery, and mix all well together.

A Turkish Dish (Kabobs).—Cut into thin slices two onions and two large apples which have been pared and cored, arranging to have eight pieces of each. Cut eight pieces of streaky bacon to thickness of a penny and two inches in diameter, and as many of the lean parts of a neck of mutton or loin of veal. Lay the thirty-two assorted pieces thus obtained on a dish and sprinkle with curry-powder and a little ground ginger and salt. Let them imbibe this seasoning for two hours, and then string them on a skewer in this order—meat, onions, bacon, apple, and so on. Wrap the skewers in buttered paper, and either bake in oven or roast in front of fire for one hour and a half. Serve them as they are if the skewers are silver. If of wood, slip the kabobs off and serve them a border of rice. Curry sauce may be served with them.

Potato Salad.—Potato-salad of a superior kind is made in the following manner:—Two cups of mashed potatoes, rubbed through a cullender; three-fourths of a cup of chopped cabbage, white and firm; two tablespoonfuls of cucumber pickle, also chopped; the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, pounded fine, and all to be well mixed together. The dressing consists of one raw egg, well beaten, one saltspoon of celery-seed, one teaspoonful of white sugar, one teaspoonful of flour, half a cupful of vinegar, and salt, mustard, and pepper to taste. Boil the vinegar, and pour it upon the beaten egg, sugar, butter, and seasoning. Wet the flour with cold vinegar, and beat into this. Cook the mixture, stirring until it thickens, and pour scalding hot upon the salad. Toss with a fork, and allow it to become very cold before eating.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Take as many tomatoes as may be required, insert a sharp knife, and remove the hard portion of the tomato from the stalk end, then put in some forcemeat made as follows. Chop a little ham or cold bacon very fine, and to it add two tablespoonfuls of grated bread-crumbs, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a dessertspoonful of thyme, the grated rind of half a lemon, and a sufficient seasoning of pepper and salt. Add a well-beaten egg, thoroughly mix the ingredients, and it is ready for the tomatoes. Bake them in a tin with a little water for about half an hour.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Put eight quarts of ripe raspberries into a stone or glass jar, and add one quart of good vinegar. Let it stand in a cool place two days and nights, then mash the fruit thoroughly, and strain through a cloth or jelly-bag, squeezing it well. To one pint of juice put one pound and a half of best white sugar; return to the jar, and let it stand in boiling water over the fire until the sugar is dissolved and it begins to simmer. Skim it clean, and, when cold, bottle and seal. Strawberries, blackberries, and currants may be used in the same manner.

Sardines.—Here is a nice way of preparing sardines. Open a box of sardines and take out the fish, laying them on soft paper that the grease may be absorbed. Arrange them in a shallow baking-dish with their heads together in the middle. Sprinkle bread-crumbs lightly over them, and put them into the oven long enough to heat them through and to brown the crumbs. Serve sliced lemon with them. Eat hot.

Celery.—If celery were eaten freely, sufferers from rheumatism would be comparatively few. It is a mistaken idea that cold and damp produce the disease—they simply develop it. Acid blood is the primary and sustaining cause. If celery is eaten largely, an alkaline blood is the result, and where this exists there can be neither rheumatism nor gout. It should be eaten cooked.

Smothered Beef.—Chop raw beef, season, add herbs to taste, and sprinkle with bits of butter or dripping and a little lemon-juice. Cover tightly and bake. Serve in its own gravy.

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EMBLEMS AND COLORS.

"The stars and stripes"—has seven red bars on a white ground, and in the upper corner a square of white stars, one for each State, upon a field azure. The English and French flags are well known.

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The Imperial standard of Austria displays the eagle of the empire on a yellow field, and has an indented border of gold, silver, blue and black.

The Spanish standard is blazoned all over with the Royal quarterings; that of Portugal is red, charged with the Portuguese arms and crown.

The ancient flag of Denmark—it dates from the thirteenth century—is red, with a white cross, which, in a central square, has the Royal arms, surrounded by the collars of the Elephant and the Dannebrog.

And now for a few words upon devices.

A device may be described as a kind of "figured metaphor," by means of which one object is represented by another which bears a likeness to it. Thus, the life of a man, his origin, his high deeds, by an emblem or image. Even the ancients made use of devices. Kings and chiefs carrying them on their bucklers and ensigns; as a rule, however, these were simply emblems without legends.

Thus, at the siege of Thebes, the soothsayer Amphiaraus carried a dragon on his buckler, Perseus a Gorgon's head, Capaneus a hydra, and Polynices a sphynx—a symbolical reminiscence of the means by which his father Œdipus attained to sovereign power.

In the course of time the device was developed, and a meaning put into it. For example, Augustus engraved on his coinage an anchor entwined with a dolphin, and the inscription, "Festina lente." But it was not until mediæval times—the age of romance and chivalry—when tourneys, carousels, and all manner of chivalrous functions rendered the use of these picturesque devices absolutely unnecessary.

Then they branched out into four distinct varieties: 1, those designed in imitation of arabesques, by colors or combination of colors, of which the last existing souvenir is the "lacs d'amour," which may still be seen on the escutcheon of the Kings of Sardinia; 2, devices enclosing only words, and therefore known as "ames sans corps;" 3, those which had a figure but no words, "corps sans ame;" 4, those which had both body, "corps," and soul, "ame," that is, both the material representative of the idea, and the legend or interpreting motto.

Devices went out of vogue in the seventeenth century, and now survive only in the coats-of-arms of old families, where the reader, if he be so disposed, may study them at leisure, and examine how nearly they approach the ideal embodied in the foregoing rules.

ELECTRICITY IN THE HUMAN BODY.—Most people are familiar with the "sparks" which may be produced under certain conditions by stroking the fur of a cat, and travelers in Canada and other cold, dry countries have witnessed the still more remarkable phenomenon of the human body being turned into a conductor of electricity and the possibility of lighting the gas by merely placing one's finger—given the necessary conditions of electrical excitement—near the gas jet without any other agency. Mr. A. W. Mitchinson, the African traveler, gives some more startling facts. He states that one evening, when striking an African native in a moment of anger with a cowhide whip, he was astonished to see sparks produced, and still more surprised to find the natives themselves were quite accustomed to the phenomenon. He subsequently found that a very light touch, repeated several times under certain conditions of bodily excitement, and in certain states of the atmosphere, would produce a succession of sparks from the bodies of native men as well as native cattle. We are not aware that these facts have been recorded by other travelers, but they certainly deserve thorough sifting by competent observers.

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AMBER.—An extensive trade in amber was formerly carried on at Konigsberg; at one time there were more than a hundred amber turners in the town. That substance is still one of its exports, the chief consumption of it being in the Levant, where it is sold for pipe mouthpieces. Amber is found all along the coasts of East and West Russia. A large quantity is obtained from the sea, which, after high winds, especially those blowing from the north, throws up a vast accumulation of seaweed. The amber fishers stationed on the shore wait till the floating seawood approaches near to it. They then send in their people up to their necks in water, provided with nets, by which they draw the weeds to land. The amber is found adhering to or tangled with them, and it is collected and sorted by women and children. Much amber is obtained by digging up the soil, even at considerable distance from the sea. It usually occurs near the surface, but in some instances shafts have been successfully sunk. The trade in amber was first appropriated by the Grand Masters of the Teutonic Order of Knights; they often paid the entire expenses of their Court out of the revenue derived from this one source. Afterwards it became a royal monopoly, and was guarded in early times by laws of the utmost severity. Watchmen ("strand-riders") were stationed all along the coast, and the peasant who concealed or attempted to dispose of any pieces he had found was condemned to be hanged upon the nearest tree. Afterwards a range of gallows was set up on the shore—as a salutary warning. Since the commencement of the present century the government has let out the right of collecting amber to private and privileged contractors.

IT is said that the Postmaster of Lecompton, Kansas, has the following letter head on his stationery: "United States of America, Post-office Department, W. S. Bissel, Postmaster General. Local Headquarters, Lecompton, Kansas, W. R. Smith, Postmaster. Stamps sold good to carry mail matter to all parts of the world. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to me. Patronize home institutions."

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Humorous.

IT WAS NOT ALL IMAGINATION.

"Good night!" she said, and laid her head
Upon his manly breast;
And he, accepted, homeward turned,
His soul with joy possest.

He fancied still above his heart
He felt that cheek so fair;
On hanging up his coat, he found
Its ghostly imprint there!

—U. N. Nokk.

Grip of iron—that of a vice.

Doing light work—Cleaning the lamps.

The old maids' favorite vegetable is to mate, O.

How to let out a tight dress easily—Charge nothing for the hire.

As a rule orchestra leaders are moral heroes. They all face the music.

When the grocer retires from business he weighs less than he did before.

How to keep the flies off the sugar in the summer—Eat it all in the spring.

When a lady faints what figure should you bring her? You must bring her two.

Why does an old maid never play the violin? She doesn't know how to catch the bow.

"And so, Mrs. De Gollyer, your poor boy was killed by savages." "Ah, yes!" "South Africa?" "No—college."

The earth's inhabitants need not be always grave, but it would be a terrible thing for the earth herself to lose her gravity.

Impecunious boarding-school master, to ravenous pupils: "Now, look here, boys—those who eat the most pudding shall have the most beef!"

Irate German, to stranger who has stepped on his toe: "Mine frient, I know mine feet vas meant to be valked on, but dot brivilege belongs to me."

"How old may you be?" said Brown to his friend Jones the other evening. "I cannot tell you," was the reply, "how old I may be, but I know how old I am."

Extract from a novel: "The notary meanwhile, as was his custom, walked up and down the garden with his hands behind his back, eagerly perusing a newspaper."

Burglar: "Here, I want your money!" Victim: "Too late, old man. My landlady got in ten hours ahead of you with a three months' board bill. Go on now and don't disturb me."

First messenger boy, with scorn: "I say, what makes you run your legs off like that?" Second messenger boy, pausing in his rapid sprint: "I ain't working, see. This is my day off."

Mr. Green, rushing into his wife's room: "Maria! Maria! Come quick! Nellie's got convulsions!" Mrs. Green, entering the parlor: "Nonsense! The child's practicing her Delsarte lessons."

Bildad: "Did the editor send that joke back to you?"
Shuhite: "Yes."
Bildad: "That's funny."
Shuhite: "The editor said it wasn't."

"Aren't you ashamed to be seen fighting with that dirty Jenkins boy on the street?" asked Johnnie's irate mother.
"Ashamed?" repeated Johnny, in surprise. "Ashamed? No, why should I be? I licked him."

"No, George," she muttered, as the miserable youth knelt in a passionate frenzy at her feet, "I can never be yours." "Well, Clara," he answered bitterly, as he rose quickly, "you might at least have told me so before, and saved me from bagging these trousers."

The Captain, to Jack Hardup: "There's the great heiress, Miss Moneypenny. Go and propose."
Jack Hardup: "But she doesn't know me yet."
The Captain: "Don't you see, dear boy, that's your only chance."

Old Groogs, pounding the table: "If you ever want to amount to anything take that butter-dish out of your eye and drop that club you are carrying upside down." Young Groogs, to himself: "Oh, gwacious! that I should evah have to inhewit a fawtune fwom such a fawther as this!"

"Yes—I'm in the lecture business," said the long-haired passenger, "and I'm making money. I've got a scheme, I have, and it works to a charm—big houses wherever I go." "A scheme?" "Yes. I always advertise that my lectures are especially for women under 30 years of age and men out of debt. You just ought to see the way people come trooping in!"

"Has my husband been in here?" inquired a woman of the bartender. "He's a tall, red-complexioned man, and wears a slouch hat."
"A man answering that description got a half-pint bottle of whisky about 10 minutes ago."
"How big a bottle?"
"Half-pint."
"Some other man," said the woman.

A FAILURE.—A young man who was to make his first political speech this year in Maine arranged with a friend in the audience that at the first indication of embarrassment on the part of the speaker he should pretend to have a fit, so that during the excitement created the speaker should have time to recover. The night came. The young speaker began to stammer. The "chum," sitting in the second row of the audience, started a twitching of face and jerking of muscles that was a very good imitation of a man about to fall in a fit. But it happened that next to the pretended sick man sat a doctor. He at once began an examination, and within two minutes, rising angrily to his feet, he said to the curious crowd, "Gentlemen, this man is no more ill than you are. His illness wholly pretended, and doubtless is simulated for the express purpose of preventing our bright young friend"—pointing to the man on the platform—"from finishing his speech." The crowd became angry. They pounded the "sick" man, tore his clothes, and threw him down two flights of stairs into the street.

A GALLINIPPER.—Two Scotch sugar-planters in Demerara were boasting about their indifference to the bites of mosquitoes. The dispute got so warm that Mac bet Allister that he was the better man. Both agreed to lie down on the verandah in the scantiest of raiment. Smoking and drinking were permissible, but the first man who complained of the bites was to lose a case of whiskey. For a long time each endured the onslaught of the bloodsuckers; but at last Allister could stand it no longer. He turned over preparatory to capitulating, and noticed that Mac's back was towards him. Allister was smoking a cigar, and, carefully removing the ash, he applied the end to Mac's back. "Eh, mon," yelled Mac, "that was a deuce of a gallinipper!" "Ye'll send me the case of whiskey in the morning," was the only remark of Allister, who tumbled into his clothes as quickly as possible.

A DIFFERENT THING.—A tenant of Lord Halkerston, a judge of the Scotch Court of Session, once waited on him with a woeful countenance, we read in Curiosities of the Law and Lawyers, and said, "My lord, I am come to inform your lordship of a sad misfortune. My cow has gored one of your lordship's cows, and I fear it cannot live." "Well, then, of course you must pay for it." "Indeed, my lord, it was not my fault: and you know I am but a very poor man." "I can't help that. The law says you must pay for it. I am not to lose my cow, am I?" "Well, my lord, if it must be so, I cannot say more. But I forgot what I was saying. It was my mistake entirely. I should have said that it was your lordship's cow that gored mine." "Oh, is that it? That's quite a different affair. Go along, and don't trouble me just now. I am very busy. Be off, I say!"

HIGH PRAISE.—Young Aime Maillard, the at-one-time composer, was a member of a rhetorical class. The professor gave as the subject of an essay "The Praise of Idleness." On the day appointed the themes were handed in by all the pupils except Maillard.
"Sir," said the professor, "I have had nothing from you yet."
"Here it is," replied the young rhetorician, as he placed a roll of paper on the master's desk and returned to his seat. The professor turned over the sheets one by one. Nothing but blank pages met his eye. Turning to the pupil, he exclaimed angrily—
"Trying to make a fool of me, eh?"
"No, sir," quietly remarked Aime Maillard; "I only thought that the highest tribute you could pay to idleness was simply to do nothing!"

HIS MA GAVE THEM.—Judge Richards, of Chicago, once had a very exciting experience when he was a justice in Bosque County, Texas. One day, when prisoners were few, a little man was brought in by a constable and two assistants for the offence of carrying two revolvers. "I told him, said the justice, he must pay twenty-five dollars and lose the weapons. At that the little fellow broke down and actually cried. Finally, with tears streaming down his cheeks, he said, 'Oh, judge, jes' let me bid 'em good-bye! Ma giv' 'em to me, an' I can't go without handlin' them jes' once.' I consented; and the moment he got the weapons he straightened up and, levelling them, yelled, 'I'd like tew see the galoot as can get ma's pistols now! Now I'm a-goin' on my journey.' Nobody tried to stop him."

A FRIENDLY WASP.—A gentleman becoming annoyed by the persistent buzzing of a wasp about his head, knocked it down with his newspaper. It fell through an open window upon the sill, apparently dead. Only apparently, however, for a few seconds later, to the observer's astonishment, a large wasp flew on to the window sill, and, after buzzing round the injured one a moment, began to lick it all over. After this treatment (which may have been a kind of massage) the sick wasp seemed to revive, and his friend then dragged him gently to the edge, grasped him round the body and flew away with him. Evidently the stranger, finding a wounded comrade, gave some aid partly to restore him, preliminary to removal to a place of safety for further treatment, and then carried him there.

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Williamsport Express. (Parlor Cars.)	week-days, 8.35 A. M., 4.00 P. M.	12.00
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4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.57, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.38, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.00, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.50 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 7.30 p m, 12.15 night.

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